VISTA GRANDE | CROCKER TRACT

COLMA RECORD

HILLCREST | MISSION TRACT

BY J. L. BROWN — COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1910. — VOL. 2. NO. 35.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTH END TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

INCORPORATION MEETING NEXT Tuesday Evening, Nov. 29.

Mrs. Antone Sturla of Colma is quite ill with lagrippe.

Mrs. Deller of Colma gave birth to a baby boy last Friday.

There was a Whist Tournament at Colma Hall Wednesday evening.

Mrs. A. L. Toul of San Francisco spent Sunday at H. F. Howard's.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30.

Mrs. F. Brickadell, 538 Brunswick, gave birth to a 10½-pound girl Friday.

Mrs. F. E. Kennedy of Vista Grande gave birth to a fine baby boy Tuesday.

Mrs. and Mr. Bert Pratt of San Francisco visited Mrs. Thomas Hurd Sunday.

W. J. White is adding a number of improvements to his Theta avenue residence.

Protect yourselves and your interests in every way by boosting Incorporation.

Mrs. C. A. Johnson, 130 Irvington, entertained Rev. Walker for dinner Tuesday evening.

J. F. Clifford of Mission Heights fell from a car Tuesday night and fractured his collar bone.

Mrs. G. Lundberg, corner Price street and Mission Road, gave birth to a fine baby boy last Friday.

H. Gittings, a well known resident of Vista Grande, died Sunday and was buried Monday at Mt. Olivet.

H. F. Howard's father, who has been visiting him from the East, left Saturday for Cloverdale on a visit.

Miss Claudia Rogers, 287 Tremont avenue, San Francisco, favored the Record with a pleasant call Monday afternoon.

Dr. Bush, the dentist who has been located in the Knowles building for nearly a year, moved to the city Wednesday.

R. Probert of Ohio, formerly of Vista Grande, underwent an operation in the Mercy Hospital and is doing nicely.

The Royal Neighbors will meet in Ryan's Hall Friday evening. There will be an election of officers for the ensuing year.

D. L. Larson, 29 Irvington street, who was injured last week by a bale of hay falling on him, is considerably improved.

Notice elsewhere in this issue calls attention to the election of officers of the Vista Grande Fire Department on December 5.

Judge Johnson's new court house building next to the Vista Grande postoffice is raised and will be enclosed in a few days.

The Civic Betterment League of San Mateo County meets every Tuesday evening at Hillcrest Drive and Mission Road, in Pappa's Hall. *

Mrs. H. S. Barnes, recent resident of Vista Grande, who has been quite ill and had to be taken to a hospital, is reported as improving.

Billy Sweeney has made many nice improvements in the Cottage Saloon since buying the place and will be glad to have his friends call.

A few of the Record's friends are behind with their subscription account. Please attend to this, as the amounts due will come in quite handy just at the present time.

The Knickerbocker Whist Club met Wednesday evening with Mrs. Peter Benassini. The first prizes were won by Miss Rene Olivieri and J. L. Brown; second, Mrs. and Mr. Simmons. The next meeting will be at the same place, December 14, with Miss Rene Olivieri as hostess.

The Socialist Junior League meets every Sunday at Knowles Hall, 3 p. m. The League is instructive, refined and of special interest to children. Everybody welcome.

Colma Circle, C. of F. of A., 811, will give a Grand Masque Carnival at Colma Hall, Saturday evening, January 7, 1911. Music by Markgraf. Prizes. Tickets 25 cents. Supper 25 cents.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.*

Dr. Rowland is now comfortably settled in his most convenient new quarters, 15 Wellington avenue, Crocker Tract. His new arrangements afford him the convenience of a nurse. His hours are from 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, day or night, Mission 4978. *

"Exmas"—Of all the abortions of language, the Record considers this the most contemptible. If there is anything in the meaning of the beautiful word **"Christmas,"** making it symbolic of the sublime, then in God's name, why make it ridiculous with an abbreviation of any kind?

The Record received an invitation to a Tanforan Boosters' meeting, at 3 p. m. Thursday. Quite an impossible day for a newspaper printed that afternoon; almost as impossible as the scheme to secure the Panama-Pacific Exposition at Tanforan, for even New Orleans stands a better show.

The Masquerade Ball at Colma Hall Saturday evening, given by the Crocker Tract Improvement Club, was a complete success in every particular. The decorations were beautiful and music grand. The committee in charge certainly deserves great praise for their excellent management, for there was not a discord to mar the pleasure of anyone.

The Record is not an advocate of Socialism, but believes that the Capitalistic Court of Appeals, in sending Fred D. Warren, editor of the "Appeal to Reason," to the federal prison at Leavenworth, for offering a $1,000 reward for the return to the Kentucky authorities the murderer, ex-Governor Taylor, who was then a fugitive from justice, is a villainous outrage.

Colma Hall and Bar, and Villa Hotel and Bar for Sale.—The Colma Hall and Bar, including License and Lease, and the Villa Hotel and Bar, including License and Lease, both in Colma, San Mateo County, California, are for sale. The Villa Hotel has fifteen (15) rooms. Hotel and Lodge rooms constantly rented. Must be sold to close estate. Apply to J. U. Bird, Colma, San Mateo County, California, or, Choynski & Humphreys, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California. *

Quite a sensational shooting occurred Monday at San Pedro, in which Steve Mori, who resides near Colma, and is well known, shot and killed W. H. Fitzgerald, a barber of San Francisco. Mori has been in charge of the lake at Salida and the trouble arose over the trespassing of Fitzgerald. After the shooting Fitzgerald was taken to Burlingame, where he died, and Mori surrendered himself to the authorities, claiming that he did the shooting in self defense.

The Vista Grande Circle, No. 253, "Companions of the Forest," entertained Mrs. Annie McQuillan, Supreme Chief Companion, and her Board of Deputies, together with 20 other Foresters representing the San Francisco Circles, Tuesday evening. After the meeting a nice supper was served at the home of Mrs. R. Neuman on Merced avenue. Mrs. McQuillan was presented with a beautiful hand-painted vase by the Circle. Mrs. Ella Wanderlich, Past Supreme Chief, was also remembered with a token of esteem.

Work on the Vista Grande school building has advanced so rapidly during the past week that it is hard to realize that so much could be accomplished in the short time. The entire frame is up and at this writing the rafters are being put in place. In a conversation with H. Geilfuss, the architect, he spoke in the highest terms of the proficiency of Z. J. Montgomery, the contractor, and also said that Vista Grande was getting a very fine building at a remarkably low price. The Crocker Tract building has been delayed on account of the slowness of the concrete foundation in drying. Architect Geilfuss also spoke of the material that is being used in these buildings, furnished by the Spring Valley Lumber Yard, as absolutely first class.

INCORPORATION

The Meeting Tnesday Evening Was Well Attended---Utmost Interest Maifest

Next Monday Evening, December 5th, There Will Be Another Meeting With The Crocker Tract Club

EVERYBODY SHOULD ATTEND.

At the Incorporation meeting Monday evening the committee that was to have reported a detailed statement of the situation was unable to do so as the lines of the proposed municipality had not been investigated thoroughly. Therefore, their report was deferred until next Monday evening, when the meeting will be held with the Crocker Tract Improvement Club, at 6040 Mission street.

Quite an interest was manifested and the sentiment was certainly strong for Incorporation, principally upon the advantages to be derived in case of annexation to San Francisco, in which we will retain a self government under the borough system, while without incorporation the city would have us at a great disadvantage and nothing would come our way.

Other important points were discussed; questions were asked and replied to, and the meeting was undoubtedly profitable as a means of information, that made itself manifest in the perfect harmony that prevailed. In fact, there was practically no objection, and nothing seemed to be in the way except the one question, the boundary line. The committee was of the opinion that Colma would antagonize the movement and that it would therefore be wise to exclude all the territory south of School street. The committee disclaimed any ill feeling in the matter and said they would gladly welcome Colma either before or after the new city government is formed, provided the people there wish it.

The Record is glad of this spirit of fairness, and that there is no desire to force Colma in the matter; that could undoubtedly be done with the large vote up here. It is hard to understand, however, why Colma should oppose the project. San Francisco will surely go before the legislature with plans for the extension of her territory and next November the question will be voted upon. This alone makes Incorporation most important, and there is no reason why Colma should not be as greatly benefited as Vista Grande, Mission, Hillcrest and Crocker Tracts. The time is ripe and Incorporation is a sure thing, and it is to be hoped that all our people will join the harmony wave to better our conditions all along the line. The meeting next Monday night will be an important one and every good citizen should be present.

District Court of Appeal Affirmed the Decision

San Francisco—The petition for freedom of Abraham Ruef has been denied by the Justices of the California District Court of Appeal.

The fourteen-year sentence against which the former political boss has been fighting for so long has been upheld by the court of higher jurisdiction.

The District Court of Appeal affirmed the decision and judgment of the Superior Court, and, unless the State Supreme Court grants a further hearing in the case of the arch grafter, Abe Ruef will be taken to San Quentin prison within sixty days. There he must serve a term of fourteen years, to which he was sentenced by Judge William P. Lawlor.

Nearly two years after sentence was imposed upon him, Abe Ruef has heard the words of fate that sends him on his way across the bay to serve fourteen years behind prison bars—his punishment for corrupting a Board of Supervisors, and technically for having passed $4000 United Railroad money to Supervisor John J. Furey to influence his vote on the overhead trolley permit of 1906.

Four years have passed in the history of the city since Ruef was first indicted, on November 15, 1906. These four years have witnessed a great transformation in San Francisco. For Ruef they have been four years of hard and costly fighting for liberty, with defeat and a prison sentence of fourteen years waiting him at the end.

Should the case be taken before the highest State court, the Justices will be called upon to hastily consider the merits of the appeal and within sixty days after the matter reaches the Supreme Court Ruef will know his fate. In this case the Supreme Court will only review questions of law passed upon by the Appellate Court, as the latter tribunal has already passed upon the evidence in the case.

Whether Ruef will return to a cell in the county jail, there to await the outcome of his appeals, depends upon action upon a petition now pending before the Appellate Court. He is now out of jail on bail, but at any time he may be returned. The Appellate Court still has under consideration Ruef's appeal from Judge Lawlor's court recommitting the convicted man to the county jail.

Eucalyptus Grove Promotors Get Smash in Face

Sacramento.—The promoters of eucalyptus companies in California got a severe blow in the report filed by State Forester Hemans and which has been sent to the State printing office for publication. The report shows that the glowing accounts of the rapid growth of eucalyptus have been grossly exaggerated by practically every concern in the State, overestimating the returns 25 per cent, and in some cases more.

To illustrate that the groves which are reported to have yielded 100,000 board feet to the acre in ten years' time is "stretching it some" Hemans shows that the largest yield discovered by his department was 57,820 board feet on a plantation planted 32 years ago. This shows that in more than three times the length of time promised by the promotionists, the production is only a little more than half as much.

DIRECT VOTE RECOMMENDED TO ELECT OUR PRESIDENT

Senator Bourne Stands for the Oregon System-Direct Vote of People.

Philadelphia.—An exposition of the much discussed "Oregon System," which he declared to be the" best system of government in the world,' was the contents of an address delivered by United States Senator Johnathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, before the American Academy of Political and Social Science at its opening session. The Senator declared the iniative and referendum "the keystone of the arch of popular government," and set forth in detail the reasons for his belief, analyzing as well the other features of the Oregon system.

In his address Senator Bourne argued that the iniative educates and develops the people by compelling them to study public questions and placing upon them the responsibility for all laws. It gives every man an opportunity to submit his ideas to the people, provided eight per cent of them believe his ideas worthy of submission to popular vote; thus, the speaker argued, there is a tendency to lift all the people to the plane of the most advanced.

Senator Bourne advocated extending the direct primary to the selection of the candidates for President and Vice-President and of delegates to national conventions, thus relieving Presidents of any obligation to men who make and manipulate conventions.

Crops Reduced Half by Olive Fly.

Washington—Ravages of the olive fly are chiefly responsible for a decidedly unfavorable outlook for the olive oil crop in Mediterranean countries this year, according to consular reports. It is practically certain that the crop, which will be gathered in a few weeks, will be but 45 per cent of normal. Only a fair crop is looked for in France, while an extremely scarce production is reported in Tunis and Algiers. In Spain one-fourth to one-third of the average yield is expected, and in Greece still less. Syria also has a poor crop this year.

Grim Relics on Engine Pilot.

Lancaster, Pa.—When the Philadelphia express, east bound on the Pennsylvania railroad, came into the station of this city one day last week it carried on the pilot the body of a man, a wagon wheel and the seat of a wagon, all unknown to the engineer and crew. Later it was found that the victim was Michael Tort, aged 70, a junk dealer of this city, and that he had been struck at a grade crossing a mile west of the station.

Death Averted by Treetops.

Greensburg, Pa.—Dr. George Bohem and Mrs. Bohem were found hanging on trees near a steep hillside after their team of horses had been killed on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks 100 feet below. They were driving about 200 feet above the track when the horses became frightened and plunged over the hillside.

Home Product Equals Imported.

Yuba City.—Italy has nothing on Yuba City when it comes to producing cheese, for the finest grade of Italian cheese, that which is famous throughout Europe, is being produced at the Jackson ranch, near here. It promises to be one of the leading exports of the section in the future.

Not Legal to Follow Cutaway.

Santa Rosa.—A man who buys a piece of property along a creek cannot in later years claim the right to follow the cutaway the stream may make and annex adjacent land. This was the ruling of Superior Judge Seawell when he decided a suit in the Petaluma section.

Postmaster Taylor says that considerable mail comes to the Colma office that should be addressed to Vista Grande or Station "L." People should advise their friends and thus save a delay of at least 24 hours. Much trouble is also caused by mail being addressed to Hillcrest, there being no such postoffice.

Ocean View Furniture Company, 2926 San Jose Avenue, Ocean View.—The Best Credit System on the Pacific Coast. Leave your patronage in your own town and trade where you are sure of honest treatment and a fair, square deal. Furniture of all kinds bought and sold. J. J. Payne, Manager. Phone Mission 7897. *

OVER SCORE OF FACTORY GIRLS DIE IN FLAMES

Firetrap Filled With Paper, Oil and Gasoline Goes Up Like a Flash.

Forced to Jump Many Impaled on Pickets or Mangled on Pavement Others Perish in Flames.

Newark, N. J.—In ten minutes twenty-four girls were burned alive or crushed to death on the pavement on leaping from the windows and fire escapes of the four-story factory building at Orange and High streets, occupied on the top floor by an underwear manufacturing concern. Here the death list was heaviest. The lower floors were occupied by two paper-box concerns and two electrical fixture factories. The latest count shows that sixteen of the twenty-four bodies recovered have been identified, and that six girls are missing.

The rush of flames was so swift and threw such terror into the girls on the top story that the body of one was found still seated on a charred stool beside the machine at which she had been busy when the first cry of fire petrified her with fright.

The building was exceedingly inflammable and the first gush of flames cut off all escape by the stairways.

Sadie Benson, an employe of the Aetna Electric Company, was cleaning an electric light fixture in a gasoline bath. The gasoline took fire—she does not know how—and trickeled in a little rivulet of flame on to the floor, where stood a full can of gasoline.

The can exploded and the burning liquid flew far and wide.

The wooden floors were soaked with oil drippings from the machinery and the flames ate their way through them like pasteboard. When they warped and weakened the weight of the machinery tore them from the walls and they fell into the basement in a horrible tangle of hot iron and mangled humanity.

S. P. Trolley Over Mountains.

Los Angeles—Arrangements have been made by the Southern Pacific to electrify its 170 miles of track between here and Bakersfield, to supercede steam. This is one of the heaviest traffic carrying lines in Southern California.

This transformation is to be completed by January 1, 1912, and means the carrying out of a new policy by the Harriman system in California, and one which is to be gradually extended throughout the State. One of the main inducements is the lessened cost of operation, almost unlimited electric power being available throughout the State for comparatively small outlay, while the price of fuel to make steam is constantly advancing.

The Southern Pacific officials, who are here inspecting all the trolley lines of that company, declined to discuss the valley route change, but it is a certainty that work will soon be begun and that all lines centering in the cities will eventually form a trolley network.

NOTICE!

A meeting is called for Monday, December 5, 8 p. m. sharp, at Bracken's Hall, for the purpose of electing the fire chiefs of the Vista Grande Volunteer Fire Department. All members must be present.

By order of the Fire Commissioners.

H. F. SECOR,
Secretary.

Here's A Good Buy.

A lot on Mission road, close to the new school house site, 25½x104 feet. Terms, ten per cent down; balance $10 per month. Price of lot $800. See Theo. Loventhal, office 5824 Mission street, near Sickels avenue, between 1 and 5 p. m., daily; 9 to 5 Sunday. tf*

State Forestry Increase.

Sacramento—Increases in the State appropriation for the State forestry department from $40,300 to $122,600 are asked in the third biennial report of the department filed with Governor Gillett by State Forester Homans.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

MOAB'S ISOLATION COMPLETE

Dwellers in Eastern Palestine Have Always Been Distinct—Abyss Is Barrier.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to that restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab as seen by them from Jerusalem are lost in the purple haze that constantly hangs over them and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan Valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley, 1,300 feet below sea level, undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet.

The most striking thing about Moab has always been its isolation. However much connected by race and vicinity with their western kinsmen, the dwellers in eastern Palestine have always been distinct, and their lands have never been occupied by the nations on the west except through acts of aggression and conquest.

Even today this isolation is still felt. In giving an idea of their knowledge of present-day geography one of them remarked: "There are only four seas in the world, two of which are the Dead sea and the Sea of Galilee." Both of these are in sight of their own hills.—Christian Herald.

UNCLE SAM IS NOT SLOW

It Was Another Agency That Caused This Seemingly Great Delay in Mails.

"Well," said Mr. Fatherly, beaming with his accustomed cheerfulness as he came down the apartment hall and threw down upon the library table a postal card that he had just picked up inside the hall door, under which the mail is customarily thrust by the elevator boy, "well," said Mr. Fatherly, still beaming, "I didn't know that Uncle Sam could ever be as slow as that. Here's a postal card for Belinda that was posted in California last April and has only just come."

"For me?" said Belinda. "Why, how wonderful!" But when she had looked at the card her wonder ceased and her face was wreathed in smiles.

"Why, father," she said, "I got that card months ago when it was sent and just now it must have blown out of my room"—her room is directly opposite the hall door and its door now was open—"to fall there on the floor just inside the hall door where you found it when you came in."

And then they all laughed merrily, but not at Uncle Sam, and Mr. Fatherly laughed with the rest for his good humor is unquenchable, even when the laugh is on him.

Nice's Pumpkin Festival.

The pumpkin festival at Nice is one of those old-world customs rescued by popular sentiment from a gradual decay that was hastening toward oblivion. It is a celebration singularly unique, in that the wildest exuberance of spirit alternates with serious religious ceremonies, representations of art, and prosaic business dealings—a celebration so quaint and so little like the usual productions of modern mankind that it leaves one with the impression of having witnessed a scene idealized upon the stage rather than an actual festival of the present practical age. Yet the pumpkin custom undoubtedly reflects the character and individuality of its resuscitators, the inhabitants of Nice, whose deep religious instincts, innate refinement of feeling and intense love of the beautiful were the underlying forces which prompted them to revive a time-honored custom without the least trace of vulgar advertisement or sordid materialism to mar its perfect harmony. —Wide World Magazine.

Plant Breaking Up an Island.

Strength is not a thing usually connected with maiden-hair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they will break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms have lifted a large stone. Indeed, plants have been known to break the hardest rocks.

The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.

Easily Mended.

A young Lithuanian called at the marriage license office in Chicago with his bride recently, but a license was refused on account of the bride's tender years, she being only 15. The lover was crestfallen for a few moments, then his face cleared and he left with the remark that he would return shortly.

The clerk supposed that he would show up with the bride's parents. In an hour he again presented himself at the counter—with another girl.—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

HOW RICE PAPER IS MADE

Pulp of Aralia Tree Is Used and Not Rice as Is Popularly Supposed.

The so-called rice paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow white pith of a small tree belonging to the genus Aralia, a genus represented in this country by the common sarsaparilla and the spikenard. The tree grows in Formosa, and, so far as is known, nowhere else.

The stems are transported to China and there the rice paper is made. It is used, aside from a number of other purposes, by the native artists for water color drawings, and sometimes it is dyed in various colors and made into artificial flowers.

The tools of the pith worker comprise a smooth stone about a foot square and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade is about a foot long, two inches broad and nearly half an inch thick at the back, and it is as sharp as a razor.

Placing a piece of the cylindrical pith on the stone, and his left hand on the top, the pith worker will roll the pith backward and forward for a moment until he gets it in the required position.

Then, seizing the knife with his right hand, he will hold the edge of the blade, after a feint or two, close to the pith, which he will keep rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remains to unroll; for the pith has, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square white sheet of uniform thickness. All that remains to be done is to square the edges.

If one will roll up a sheet of paper, lay it on the table, place the left hand on top and gently unroll it to the left he will have a good idea of how the feat is accomplished.

FIND ROOM FOR THIN FOLKS

Traveling Man Saves Hour's Time Because He Gets In With Herd of Cassiuses.

"Because I am thin myself and was fortunate enough to strike a bunch of lean folks I saved an hour's time on my last trip to Boston," said the traveling man.

"About two hours before train time I went over to Harvard sightseeing. A guide who conducts tourists through the university buildings in groups of 20 had just rounded up the regulation number, and was starting out on a trip, but when he saw me and two other lantern jawed chaps hike into view he called out: 'Come on, you three; there's room for you also.'

"Before we had passed the second exhibit the head guide came up, counted us, and reprimanded our guide for exceeding the number.

"'That's all right,' said our man. 'They're all thin.'

"Apparently that excuse was satisfactory to the head guide, for he nodded and went away, but it caused the herd of Cassiuses to clamor for further explanation. They got it.

"'Visitors can see and hear satisfactorily only at a certain distance from the exhibits,' he said. 'Fat people take up so much room that in a big party some one is sure to be crowded out, but thin folks like you can squeeze up close, and two or three more do not inconvenience anybody.'

"When we came out an hour later we met the next party just going in. If I had been fat I should have had to waste all that time waiting for them."

Fossils and Gold.

In Alaska the bones, and often the entire bodies of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the mastodon, the reindeer, and the bison, are found most abundantly in layers of soil directly above gold bearing gravels. So intimate is this association between fossil animal remains and auriferous deposits that one scientist, who has lately explored Alaska, says fossils serve prospectors as indexes of the metallic richness of the soil. In ancient times both the gold and the bones and bodies of the animals were deposited at the bottoms of valleys by action of rivers and smaller streams, many of which have now disappeared. Consequently the appearance of fossils is, it is claimed, an almost certain indication that gold will be found in the neighborhood. The cabins of many miners are ornamented with huge tusks and antlers unearthed in the diggings.

Old Skewers.

A novel present given to a bride-to-be at a housekeeping shower was a set of four old silver skewers. The handles were quaintly carved and always a matter of admiration and comment when drawn from a roast by the host.

So delighted was the giver by the success of her present that she has started collecting them in antique shops and on old farms and tumble-down houses on her travels. The advantage of such a collection is that it has not been done to death, so valuable finds are more probable.

Death for Bacteria.

Bacteria that survive in sunlight are killed by the ultra-violet rays from mercury-vapor lamps with quartz tubes. Two French investigators report that the killing is not due to the formation of hydrogen peroxide or other chemical poison, but to the direct action of ultra-violet rays of extremely short wave-length. Such rays, abundant in artificial light from the quartz lamps near at hand, are filtered from sunlight by passage through the atmosphere.

WOMAN BOTH TRUANT AND HUMANE OFFICER

Cruelty to animals may serve as an inspiration to the painter's brush in Paris, but it never can in Sapulpa, Okla.—not, at least, so long as Mrs. Mabel Bassett is on the job as humane officer of the new state city. She is the only woman humane officer in the state of Oklahoma.

Time was, not many months ago, when Sapulpa's teamster's mistreated their horses at will, left them in the hot streets for hours without food or water and inflicted all sorts of cruelty, thoughtless or otherwise, upon the dumb brutes of the vicinity. But last March the women of Sapulpa, aided by a few of the men, organized a humane society, and determined to stamp out these abuses. So limited were the finances of the new society that it could not afford to employ an officer to look after the work.

Then into the breach stepped Mrs. Bassett, who volunteered to fill the office until a regular officer could be employed. So well did she accomplish her task that the city council agreed to pay a salary and appoint as humane officer anyone the society might select. Mrs. Bassett was urged to take place, and when her name was placed before the councilmen they were delighted to make the appointment. And they went even further. They named her city truant officer as well.

Before she entered upon her duties it was a frequent occurrence for teamsters to work horses with sore shoulders day in and day out. Mrs. Bassett has rapidly remedied that condition, and the practise has been almost wholly discontinued. Most of the horses in Sapulpa have been provided with hats this summer and have been fed and watered with greater regularity, while drinking fountains have been erected in many places over the city.

Stray dogs without friends to prolong their lives by means of the brass tax tag are no longer killed by the bullet of a policeman. In its stead gas is used, as Mrs. Bassett believes it to be practically painless.

Due to this woman's efforts a roping contest at Sapulpa was declared off last summer. She not only realizes that the day of the "wild west" is long since past in Oklahoma, but it is her desire to put a stop to a form of amusement that results in broken horns and legs and frequently broken necks for the steers that are used. In addition, horses and men also are frequently injured.

As truant officer, Mrs. Bassett has almost stamped out truancy in the public schools of her home city. With the compulsory school law behind her she is able to enforce her demands

INTERNATIONAL CHARITY GOAL SET BY BRITISHER

Philanthropy has gone forward a step in the act of Sir Ernest Cassel. Though many have been generous in their home towns, dispensing of their surplus for the general good, and numerous Carnegies have bestowed handsome gifts for the use of their countrymen at large, Sir Ernest, has gone them all one better by his international philanthropy. An Anglicized Teuton, his gift takes cognizance of the fact, and the million dollars donated in the name of the late King Edward, as a memorial to "The Peacemaker," includes in its benefit his compatriots in the land of his adoption equally with his erstwhile countrymen in the fatherland.

A gift to international charity in memory of King Edward; a million-dollar fund established for the aid of the English poor in Germany and the German poor in England, plainly the gift seems designed to relieve the tension between these two nations whose "war scares" at the expense of each other are so numerous. However, Sir Ernest says that was not his idea, although if that were the effect of the fund he would be greatly delighted.

The son of a Cologne banker, Sir Ernest was born in 1852 and at an early age went to England, where he made a splendid fortune. About eight years ago, on the eve of his departure to India, he placed at the disposal of King Edward $1,000,000 to be used for charitable or utilitarian purposes. King Edward devoted the money to providing additional sanatoria for the open air treatment of tuberculosis, which were greatly needed at that time. Sir Ernest early became proficient in financial affairs. In recognition of successful services rendered to the Egyptian government in 1899 he received the K. C. M. G. And in addition he has the first-class Royal Order of Wars (Norway and Sweden), to which countries he was of great assistance in railway enterprise, and the Order of the Crown of Prussia, of the first class, one of the highest German decorations. Of late years Sir Ernest had been closely associated with King Edward and was one of the last allowed to call on him before his death

THE EAVESDROPPER

By ABRAHAM R. GROH

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No cloud had marred the horizon of hope for Marian Moore and Richard Kingsley during the year they were engaged. And the first one that appeared was so large that it seemed to overcast the whole sky in an instant and to give promise of nothing but long and sure storm.

One afternoon Marian passed the Sidwell home and heard through an open window the voice of her fiance. His mere presence there was unexpected, considering his often expressed dislike for Eleanor Sidwell. But the words which he uttered were almost beyond belief. Had Miss Moore not heard them with her own ears nothing in the world could have persuaded her that he had spoken them. The words were these:

"I love you, darling, more than I ever dreamed of loving any woman before. We are here alone now and I will tell you the truth. Then, if you still wish to drive me from you I must go. But you shall first know my real feelings."

Following this impassioned declaration, Marian heard the voice of Eleanor. It was lower than his but full of tenderness. Moreover, it was distinctly audible.

"Dick, are you sure that you love me?"

Stunned though Marian had been at first, she now regained her self-possession sufficiently to walk on. Her ears fairly tingled. She moved mechanically, and, hardly knowing

where she went, found herself at home. She entered the house, hurried to her room, threw herself on the bed and gave way to bitter weeping.

Relieved by tears, she looked the situation in the face.

Marion Moore was a young woman of strong character. She took pen and paper, and after tearing up many notes, finally was satisfied with one which read:

"Mr. Richard Kingsley—I cannot see you tonight nor ever in the future. I have learned all—fortunately before it was too late. Never address me again."

When Dick Kingsley received this note he was stunned for a moment. He read the letter a dozen times. At first he couldn't believe his eyes. Then he decided it was a joke.

He rushed to a telephone and called up Marian. His heart beat hard as he waited. At last he heard her voice.

"This you, Marian?" he cried, trying to assume a heartiness he did not feel. "That was a great joke you played on me. I just received your note. It gave me an awful start at first. But I see it now. Ha, ha—"

His forced gayety was sadly smothered, however, when he heard the voice of Miss Moore, very cold and inexorable, saying:

"It was not a joke, Mr. Kingsley, I assure you. I wrote the note and I meant every word of it. Goodby."

The receiver was hung up.

Richard Kingsley sat down and besought himself to be calm. He looked about him to make sure he was in his right senses. He knew he had felt Miss Moore two evenings before in the best of spirits. His heart throbbed with tenderness as he remembered the picture of her pretty self silhouetted in the light from the half open door as they said good night. What, then, had changed her in this short time?

"Oh, I can't endure this nightmare!" he groaned.

He hurried out and to the home of his fiancee.

"Miss Moore is not in," said the maid at the door.

But Richard Kingsley in his present mood was not to be deceived or put off by a social conventionality.

"I must see her," he said.

He seated himself in the drawing room and waited. It was a long time until he heard the familiar step. She appeared at the door and looked at him unsmilingly, inquiringly. There was a suspicion of redness about her eyes, but she looked as firm as fate. Dick arose and hurried toward her.

"Marian, this is some awful joke," he cried.

She held up a forbidding hand.

"Please do not come near me, Mr. Kingsley," she said, coldly. "You have forced your way into the house and compelled me to see you against my will. I must repeat that I meant what I said in the letter. Our engagement is broken."

Heaven seemed to shut its gates upon Dick. Blindly he sought to take a last glimpse.

"Marian, you must tell me, at least, the reason for my dismissal," he said striving to control his voice.

She looked at him steadily and almost scornfully a long moment before she spoke:

"When a young man who has professed his whole love for me goes away and a few hours later expresses a most ardent regard for another young woman, is not that sufficient provocation for breaking an engagement?"

"But, Marian!" exclaimed the young man, "you don't mean to say that I ever—"

She was gone, and he heard her footsteps growing fainter as she ran up the stairs.

Life for the two young persons was a melancholy affair during the days that followed. Miss Moore seldom went out and Mr. Kingsley had vague notions of leaving the prosperous lumber firm in which he was junior partner to court adventure and seek oblivion in the wilds of Africa.

One day Marian saw an account in the newspaper of an entertainment given by the Country club for the benefit of the orphans' home. In the printed cast of characters was this:

"Dick Brathwaite, in love with Nettie, Richard Kingsley.

"Nettie Majors, Eleanor Sidwell."

The lines danced before her. She waited to read no more. The paper fell from her fingers, and her eye were filled with a new light.

"Oh, how I have wronged him!" she cried.

Now, Miss Marian Moore was of that altogether lovable type of woman that forgives as quickly and as ardently as it condemns. Therefore Dick Kingsley, moping in his office and considering his expedition to the African jungles, listlessly answered the telephone about two minutes after Miss Moore had read the above mentioned lines.

"Hello, is this—Dick?" said a voice which caused his heart to leap and beat in a most alarming manner. But he had sufficient self-possession to remember some of his wrongs.

"This is Mr. Kingsley," he replied with cold dignity.

"Oh, Dick, don't—please don't," continued the voice, beseechingly. "I've been punished enough by all my wickedness. I've just read about the play given by the Country club. I see now that you were just rehearsing with Eleanor Sidwell when I overheard you. Oh, Dick, can you ever forgive me?"

Mr. Richard Kingsley melted completely as he heard these words, and he replied:

"Well, can I?"

"And you'll come up tonight?" continued Miss Moore.

"Well, will I?" exclaimed Mr. Kingsley.

Whereupon with a few inconsequential remarks, which were heard by no one but these two, with the possible exception of Central, Mr. Richard Kingsley hung up the receiver and proceeded to fill the office with such a joyous and voluminous strain of whistling that Cartwright, the bookkeper, placed weights ostentatiously upon the loose piles of paper o nhis desk.

And Dick Kingsley smiled indulgently upon him. He felt like smiling on all the world, for his heart was filled with joy, and all thought of explorations in Africa or any other part of the world had fled.

Americanizing Japan.

It would not have occurred to many persons to think of estimating the progress of foreign language in Japan by investigating the names given to dogs. But that bright idea suggested itself to the Koishikawa police. In pursuance of their duties with regard to the registration of dogs they recently entered the names of 160 belonging to the inhabitants of that quarter of the city of Tokyo.

They found that every one of the 160 had what the Japanese call a "butter-smelling" name, that is to say a name evidently of foreign origin. There were no less than twelve "Johnnies" among the pack, as well as several "Jocks." The old familiar Japanese names—"Taro," "Jiro" and the like—were conspicuous by their absence.

A Tokyo journal regards this is a sign of the times. Like the singing and whistling of Occidental tunes which are heard so much in Tokyo nowadays, the selection of Occidental names for pets in Japanese families is not without significance.

Exercise Is Essential.

The longest lived men are those engaged in healthy outdoor occupations, such as farming, simply because they lead an active, muscular life in the open air.

Bodily activity keeps at bay the diseases of sedintary middle life. Gout and rheumatism lie in wait for the man who does not walk five miles in the week, who hates games and believes that golf and tennis are silly and a waste of time.

It is the active, busy woman who keeps her complexion when she is past 40 years of age, and girls 20 years her junior grow sallow and anemic for lack of outdoor exercise.

You must live a sedentary life, you say? We don't believe it. Even if your day is spent in an office or a shop, you have the early morning for a cold bath, and 20 minutes with dumbbells. You have your evenings, and you have your week-ends.

CAP and BELLS

STARED AT PROF. BRANEFOG

Absent-Minded Pedagogue Didn't Know Whether He Had Put Baby or Wife's Hat in Oven.

The people didn't merely look at Professor Branefog—they stared. He knew he was absent-minded at times, and he wondered whether he had rubbed his face with boot polish instead of cold cream after he had shaved, or whether he had forgotten to change his dressing-gown for his frock-coat.

But a kindly policeman put things right.

"Are you aware, sir, that you are carrying a joint of beef in your arms?" he asked.

"Goodness me!" said the professor. "I knew something was wrong. My wife told me to put her Sunday hat on the bed, to place this roast in the oven, and to take the baby and the dog for a walk."

"You've not put the baby in the oven, surely?" said the law's guardian.

"I put something in it," said Branefog; "but I don't know whether it was the baby or the dog."

With bated breath they hurried to the professor's house. Here, on the bed, lay the baby and the dog; but it was just as bad for Branefog. It was his wife's Sunday hat that was in the oven!

FORCE OF HABIT.

Prospective Purchaser—Is that a good automobile?

Dealer (who used to sell horses)—Why, sir, that automobile is so gentle it will eat out of your hand.

On the Wane.

"John!"

"Well, honeybunch!"

"You are smoking!"

"Why, come to notice it, so I am!"

"You promised me that you would give up smoking the day we were married!"

"And I did give it up, dear—the day we were married."

Its Nature.

"It is a wonder that oil is such a big affair in the days' news."

"Why should it not be?"

"Because it is such a puerile matter."

No Stint.

Miss Gabbles—Yes, I invariably weigh my words.

Mr. Blunt—Well, it's a safe bet that you have never been accused of giving short weight.

Pessimistic.

"I think my boy will be a poet when he grows up."

"Oh, don't be pessimistic; he may turn out to be a useful citizen."

Lack of Courtesy.

"Did the official in the case make an excuse to his convict client for not getting his release?"

"No excuse; didn't even beg his pardon."

Choice of Evils.

"Don't you know," said the young widow, "that a bachelor is an object of public derision?"

"I have heard so," rejoined the old bachelor, "and I have also heard that a married man gets his at home."

Have Us Bluffed.

"You give your opponent an advantage if you let him know you are afraid," remarked the moralizer.

"Perhaps," rejoined the demoralizer, "that is why the microbes find us such easy marks."

Obliging.

"Is this where John Jones lives?"

"No, this is his home; but you can come in and call up his club if you want to."

Remodeled Hat

HATS with wide, or moderately wide brims, have been much the same as to their brim outlines for several seasons. but variations have been evident in crowns. The possessor of a good velvet hat feels that it should do service for two or even three seasons and last year's hat with a graceful brim and a new up-to-date crown gives as much satisfaction, if not a little more, to the home economist, as spick and span new millinery.

The cleverness of the milliner is put to the test, to either replace the old crown with a new one, or put the trimming on the hat so that the outline of the old crown is concealed or changed. As it happens the task is not so difficult this season because puffed crowns are much favored, that is, crowns made of puffs of silk or velvet. Furthermore, trimming pieces, especially fancy feathers, are large and they conceal the top of the ha. almost entirely.

An example of what may be done with a velvet hat, having a wide brim and small crown, is shown here. Two lengths of velvet, in two colors, each three-fourths of a yard long, are shirred on silk thread at each end. The thread matches the velvet in color and there are four rows of shirring. A lining of crinoline supports each piece. They are then mounted on the shape as shown in the picture and sewed down securely to it with stitches as nearly invisible as possible.

An ornament and a fancy feather, or ostrich plumes if preferred, make a charming finish. This is a matter of choice with the wearer.

The home milliner should find no difficulty in remodeling her last year's hat by this method.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

ONE OF THE LATEST MODELS

Dainty Dress In White Cotton Voile, With Rose Design Printed on Material.

This is very dainty, and is made up in white cotton voile, with a large mauve rose printed on it.

The skirt is gathered in at the waist, then a band of lace is taken round skirt at about the knees, this draws the fullness in. The material is cut

away at the back, and a strip of mauve silk is used to line the lace.

The bodice has a round yoke of silk-lined lace to which the material is arranged in either tucks or small folds. A band of lace trims the bodice above the waist-band, which is of mauve silk. Lace bands finish the sleeves at the elbow.

Hat of white Tagal trimmed with large poppies and black ears of wheat.

Materials required: Seven yards voile 42 inches wide, three and one-half yards insertion, one-half yard piece lace, one and one-half yard mauve silk.

The cloche shape comes frequently in black satin, with the trimming of a wide crush band and a flattened bow of satin. Underneath the brim is a frill of white lace.

TO COMPOUND COLD CREAM

Recipe for Most Valuable Toilet Preparation Which Can Be Made at Home.

To make sure of geting a cold cream in which there are no animal oils many women like to compound their own massage creams.

They often fail to get results from a good recipe by not understanding the art of compounding. All cold creams are made in the same way. The fatty substances are put in a double boiler and melted, stirring constantly. When all are melted turn out in a bowl and stir, scraping down from sides.

The chief trouble comes in adding the extracts and astringents, which must be added gradually when the fatty base is partially cold. Add first any perfumed water, drop by drop, beating constantly with a silver fork; then add tinctures or extracts last of all. These go in drop by drop also.

A flat wire egg beater can be used successfully when a large amount of the mixture is being made up and one woman swears by a mayonnaise mixer for compounding her toilet creams.

Here is a recipe that can be used freely without fear of becoming bearded or fuzzy: Eight tablespoonfuls each of almond oil and rosewater, two tablesponfuls each of white wax and sperma_eti, a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin.

Melt the oil, then add the wax and spermaceti, and when nearly cold from beating add the rosewater, drop by drop, then the benzoin.

Discarded cheese jars of porcelain are nice to pack this cream in to stiffen. Keep in a cool place. Put in small jars so that in use it does not get germ filled by constant opening.

Novel Tunic Effect.

A pretty idea for the finishing of a tunic, especially one of veiling or other soft material, is to slash the tunic in front, like an overskirt, and knot it loosely at each side, drawing it away so as to show a great part of the underskirt up to the knees. The knots are made about half-way from the ankles and the tunic falls loosely below them. Of course, it is caught with a few stitches in back, to keep it in position.

New Barpins.

The latest in the "minor jewelry" is the long barpins, four to six inches in length, which are being used to fasten automobile veils and, less frequently, collars and jabots. They come in plain metal and enamel finishes and in the heavy, barbaric semi-precious stones so popular nowadays.

GETTING WHAT YOU WANT

Many Wish to Prosper, But Do Not Wish It Enough to Make Sacrifices.

You ordered your steak well-done. The waiter brought it to you rare. You ate it, although you do not like rare steak. You could have sent the steak back and had it the way you wanted it. You didn't take the trouble. You wanted well-done steak, but you didn't want it—enough.

That is the way lots of people go through life. They wish to be prosperous, but they do not wish it enough to make the self-sacrifices necessary for saving. They wish to be well-educated, but they do not take the time to read the books that would increase their knowledge. Yet the old German proverb, "What a man wills he can," is true. You can have what you wish, if you wish hard enough.

Suppose you make up your mind that you are going to get to the top in your office. If you really wish to you can. There will be opportunities to master details in positions above yours. If you are really working for your wish, you will grasp these, even if it means unpaid overtime or the sacrifice of personal pleasure.

Map out the course in life you wish to follow, set as a goal whatever place you wish to attain, then keep consistently work-wishing, doing everything you can to attain your end. You will get there every time.—Exchange.

WHEN YOUR WIFE FAINTS

New Method of Resuscitation More Effective Than Usual Way of Applying Friction.

When my wife faints, which is miserably often, I do not apply friction in the usual absurd way—rubbing backward and forward, which must alternately check and accelerate the passage of the blood—but taking hold of one of her hands with my left hand I place the thumb and finger of my right hand tight around her wrist and pass them firmly up toward her elbow.

Having brought them back loosely to the wrist I pass them firmly up again, and when I have repeated the operation two or three times, sometimes on both arms, I have the pleasure of hearing the ejaculation, "I feel better now." When I first had recourse to this means of resuscitating my lady she exclaimed instinctively on two different occasions, without being at all aware that I had had any particular intention, "Oh, that is what I seem to want."

From the invariable and immediate effect of this mode of friction I flatter myself that it is not unworthy the notice of the medical practitioner in the friction of cholera patients, a process which should be much oftener resorted to and more energetically persisted in than it generally is.—Letter to the Lancet.

Du Quesne's First Fight.

A monument of the gallant Admiral Du Quesne has just been provided at Bouchet, where he was buried in 1688, and the story of his first fight is therefore apposite. He was the son of a ship builder, and at the age of 17 was placed in command of one of his father's vessels. He sailed forth, espied a Dutch vessel, boarded it, compelled it to surrender and brought it into port. Not until he had been carried through the streets in triumph on the shoulders of his fellow townsmen did it occur to the officials that France and Holland were at peace. That fact being admitted, legal proceedings had to follow, as the result of which the youthful captain was warned to be more careful another time. Richelieu, however, heard of his exploit, and without considering the comity of nations offered him a commission in the navy.

Favored Age.

When the teacher looked severely at Isadore Levinsky, all ideas fled from him. When asked to name the presidents, he could think of just five —with four long gaps between them.

"I am surprised, Isadore," said the teacher, who had left middle age well in the background. "When I was 11 years old, more than a year younger than you are now, I could recite the list of presidents without a single mistake or a moment's hesitation."

"Teacher, yes, ma'am," said Isadore, humbly; then a brilliant and comforting idea came to him. "But there couldn't to have been half as many presidents to remember then, was there, teacher?"—Youth's Companion.

The Exiled Bucket.

It can't be possible that this new law affecting drinking cups and other receptacles really abolishes the 'old oaken bucket!" It is true, of course, that in several towns of the state the well and its bucket are still in public use, and a man with an inordinate thirst prefers the bucket to the tin cup that generally accompanies it. But for sentiment's sake somebody should have been shrewd enough when the law was enacted to exempt the wellsweep from the clutches of scientific progress. Hail to the disappearance of the public drinking cup, but "weeps" for the exiled oak bucket!

Poor Attention to Detail.

Critic—"My dear sir, your story is very much lacking in attention to detail. Here you say: 'He watched with admiration the fashionable beauty as she went up the street with free, graceful, swinging steps.'" Author—"Well, what's the matter with that?" "If she was a fashionable beauty, how could she walk that way today?"

WAS SIMPLE LITTLE JOB

Man Decides to Take Partner and Briefly Outlines What He Expects of Helper.

"Here's the whole thing in a nutshell," said Brown to me. "I am now twenty-eight years old, have my own business, have brought it to such a state that I have decided to take a partner."

"Take one," answered I.

"There's the rub," he gave back. "My partner must be such an all-around knowing one that I'm afraid I'll have hard work to fill the position.

"My partner must be able to make laws and to enforce them; must be able to carry out complicated chemical work, must be a skilled mechanic, must know something of economics, must be able to buy wares of all kinds with due consideration of my finances, must be able to do tailoring, of a kind, if necessary."

"Hold on, Brown," said I. "Are you dippy, as the vulgarians say?"

"No," replied he. "I want a wife. Look around among your friends and see if any one man among them could do all that a good housewife should be able to do. She must make just laws for the family and enforce them.

"She must understand the complicated processes of cooking. Making, mending, washing, ironing and otherwise caring for the clothing of a family requires mechanical skill. Bringing up a child properly requires far more knowledge and wisdom than selling dry goods of standard makes and prices year after year.

"Where is more science and skill required than in the sick room? And if the wife does not know how to do all these things how can she direct the work of her paid help, especially if the help knows less than she does."—American Magazine.

HE IS NOW JUNIOR PARTNER

How Boy First Came, Unconsciously, to Find Favor With His Employer.

"Our junior partner," said a business man, "came to us as a boy. We had two boys at that time, both equally promising, but one of these boys has since risen only to be a junior clerk in our shipping department, while the other has now become our junior partner. How did we come to know which was which? I will tell you.

"When I came down to the store one morning I found one of the boys sweeping the sidewalk and he was sweeping against the wind. Dust and litter blowing back over the space he had swept, and he going back to sweep it up again. Nice boy and meant well, but lacked the kindling spark of quick intelligence. It didn't dawn on him that he was sweeping the wrong way.

"Next day I found the other boy sweeping and he was sweeping the right way, with the wind. No dust and litter blowing back, to be taken up again with loss of time, but everything going with him. He was sweeping the sidewalk cleaner, making a better job of it, and in half the time. Even at that age the boy had good sense and intelligence, a faculty for doing things the right way, and this faculty he developed more and more strongly as he went along."

The Out-of-Door Life.

The man who lives an out-door life —who sleeps with the stars visible above him—who wins his bodily subsistence at first hand from the earth and waters, is a being who defies rain and sun, has a strange sense of elastic strength, may drink if he likes, and may smoke all day long, and feel none the worse for it. Some such return to the earth for the means of life is what gives vigor and developing power to the colonist of an older race cast on a land like ours. A few generations of men living in such fashion store up a capital of vitality which accounts largely for the prodigal activity displayed by their descendants and made possible only by the sturdy contest with nature which their ancestors have waged. That such a life is still led by multitudes of our countrymen serves to keep up our pristine force and energy.—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Well Defined.

"The automobile bids fair to change history, even natural history," said W. B. Rogers, motoring expert, at a dinner in New York.

"A school teacher the other day was examining a class about Colonel Roosevelt's African trip, especially about the specimens shot.

"Thinking of the rhinoceros, the teacher said to a dull, sleepy-looking boy:

"'George, what did they find in Africa that is very large, that is very dangerous to approach, and that has a horn?'

"'An automobile, ma'am,' said George promptly."

Classified.

Upon the recent occasion of the dedication of the courthouse in an Indiana town many prominent citizens were called upon for speeches. One of them, more blessed with money and confidence in himself than with education, distinguished himself by the following immortal sentiment, which he delivered with a grand air:

"All mankind," said he, his thumb in his buttonhole, and looking around impressively upon his hearers—"all mankind is divided into two classes, one of whom I am which."—Lippincott's.

Made Up in Green

THE toilet at the left is of emerald green satin finished cloth. The corsage is draped by means of crosswise plaits in front, and has a deep yoke of the material which is cut in one piece with the sleeves. It is trimmed with bands of embroidery to match and with passementerie buttons. The collar and sleeve ruffles are of fine lace with jabot of the same ornamented with little knots of velvet and buckles of brilliants.

The skirt with raised waist line is made with an inverted plait in the middle of the front and is finished at the bottom with a flounce of the material cut in points at the top and headed by a band of the embroidery.

The other toilet is of moss green cheviot, or light weight cloth. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves and is trimmed with applique bands of black satin which are embroidered with cord matching the gown. The guimpe and sleeve puffs are of white tulle or mousseline de soie; the girdle is of black satin fastened at the left side with a pretty knot.

The skirt has an odd tablier which forms a point at the bottom where it is bordered with large black satin buttons with loops of cord. The back and sides of the skirt are finished with a flounce headed by a band of the embroidered satin, which also trims the middle of the back extending from the top to the flounce.

PARIS TIRED OF BUTTONS

Novelties in Tailor Suits for Fall Show Smart Styles Sure to Be Popular.

A tailor suit has been observed in Paris that is as common as the chestnut leaves and which we have seen seldom in America. Ten to one it will be the suit of the autumn with us. It lends itself too readily to the cheaper style of ready-made clothes, in which it has already appeared in the huge department shops here, and yet it is very smart.

The skirt is narrow, more or less so according to the inclination, and has a bias band around the edge of a short, narrow coat. The skirt, mind you, has no bias band. It seams are lapped and stitched, and there is a row of small buttons for about six inches up the two front seams.

Paris is very tired of buttons, so these are left off in the suits made for the American trade. The skirt is about a yard and a quarter wide, but this will be enlarged by our tailors.

The coat just covers the rounded part of the hips, and its bias band runs from three to four inches wide. The shoulders are inclined to be narrow, because they are not padded, and the buttons, which go straight down the front, are large bullets of lead-colored metal, or brass if one prefers. The sleeve is long and plain, the rever short and square at the edges.

If you want to know just how the majority of smart women look at noon at Trouville, Deauvill and the boulevards you must imagine in your mind's eye this suit.

The skirt is short, showing dark gray silk stockings, with heavy clocks up the sides, and patent leather American pumps, with a flat bow, which will be replaced by heavy shoes with grap tops. A high collar attached to the blouse shows above the coat, and in the front is always a plaited frill, with lace at its one edge.

The hat is still flat and rather large, but in the next week or two it will be replaced by a tall, plaited turban of changeable velvet, bordered with fur or grebe. There is little trimming on these hats for noon wear, but for afternoon use they are repeated with the addition of a pair of Mercury wings placed directly in front and made of iridescent pin feathers.

Some Glove Hints.

Both long and short gloves will be needed for the fall, coat sleeves being long, but sleeves for dressy occasions short.

Among kids, glace, pique, cape and mocha will be most fashionable. Suede and all dull finishes will not be much worn.

In fabric gloves, chamois-finished lisle still leads in favor, the best colors being black, white and yellow.

Kid and silk gloves will be shown principally in black and white, though tan, slate, mode and, to a lesser extent, blue and green will be in the fashion.

Finally, embroidered silk gloves will continue in popularity.

EFFECTIVE FOR YOUNG GIRL

Cashmere Would Make Up Well in Model That Has Much to Recommend It.

Cashmere is selected for our model, which has a wide panel taken down back and front which is left open at

sides and is edged with silk that is cut in vandykes; silk muslin fills up the opening at sides; two rows of gauging are made on the hips.

On the bodice, the front and back are cashmere edged with silk, and are tucked on the shoulders, the sides ar of muslin. Piece lace is used for the yoke and sleeves.

Straw hat trimmed with acacia and ribbon bows.

Materials required: Four yardscashmere 48 inches wide, two yards silk, three yards muslin 27 inches wide, one and one-fourth yard lace.

A New Silk Braid.

The woman who wants embroidered effects, but does not like arduous work, will welcome a new silk braid that looks like chain stitching. A design is stamped as for ordinary embroidery and the braid is sewed on the outlines by hand. A few filling stitches or French knot centers increase the effect of hand embroidery. These braids come in colors to match most of the new shades of dress material. They are especially effective on pongees and shantungs done in self tones.

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Published Weekly

J. L. BROWN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1910.

CHINESE LAUNDRIES TO GO A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN

Movement Opened in Chicago to Start Crusade Favoring Whites.

Chicago—The doom of the Chinese laundry as it exists today may be the result of a nation-wide campaign soon to be inaugurated. A crusade of education is to be carried on through the newspapers and magazines warning against the dangers of unsanitary conditions.

The movement had its inception in Chicago and it is expected that the first effects will be felt here through an ordinance. This will provide stringent regulations for all establishments engaged in supplying clean linen. The ordinance originated with the health department.

This week a number of leading steam laundries began sending out with their bundles printed circulars calling attention to the dangers of patronizing Chinese laundries and quoting a recently published dispatch from Newark relating to the discovery by one community that a Chinese they had been patronizing had been found to be afflicted with leprosy.

ROAD NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR AVALANCHES AND SLIDES

Great Northern Held Blameless for the Many Deaths in Accident.

Seattle, Wash.—The avalanche at Wellington, Wash., on March 1st last, which carried two Great Northern passenger trains into a deep gulch and killed 93 persons, was an act of providence against which the railroad could not guard, according to a decision handed down by Superior Judge Black at Everett. He declared against the claim of R. M. Laville, a passenger who sued for the loss of a trunk.

Many other suits for loss of life and property have been filed.

The railroad is protecting its tracks at avalanche-threatened points by the construction of concrete snowsheds, now nearly completed, at a cost of $1,000,000.

Paint Barn With Opium.

San Francisco—Four boys playing on the beach near Stege came upon five jars of what seemed to them to be a splendid dark brown paint. It had evidently been washed up by the waves.

The boys secured a paint brush and proceeded to give one end of a barn a new coat of paint. While they were smearing the boards with the last of the second jar of the liquid, the father of one of the lads appeared and recognized the stuff as opium.

There are five one tael jars, worth about $800. The empty jars and the three full ones were turned over to John Gerlamk, whose barn the boys daubed with more than $300 worth of opium. It is supposed that the opium was thrown overboard by smugglers who found themselves pursued by officers.

Johnson Withdraws From Case.

Santa Rosa.—Governor-elect Hiram J. Johnson, who was associated with Attorney J. Rollo Leppo of this city in the defense of Dr. William P. Burke, president and manager of Burke's sanitarium, who is under indictment for the dynamiting of Miss Lu Etta Smith and her son, has withdrawn from the case.

Smallest Person in World Dead.

Canyonville, Ore.—Minnie Pickett, 13 years 4 months old and weighing only 14 pounds, died here a few days ago. She is believed to have been the smallest person in the world for her age.

Population of Oklahoma.

Washington—The population of the State of Oklahoma is 1,657,155, according to statistics of the thirteenth census. This is an increase of 242,978, or 17.2 per cent over 1,414,177 in 1907.

WEEK'S DOINGS OF THE WORLD BRIEFLY TOLD

News From All Points of the Compass by Wire and by Wireless.

Important Events From Oyster Bay to Mombasa Presented in Pithy Paragraphs.

Salina, Colo.—According to the health authorities of this place, two children of a family that believed in a faith cure were permitted to attend school suffering from scarlet fever, and an epidemic has broken out here.

Coshocton, Ohio—After years of searching for his aged father, R. C. Ramsey, said to be a wealthy hotel man of Los Angeles, has located him in the Coshocton county poor house. T. V. Ramsey, the father, is 73 years old.

Winsted, Conn.—Harry Lee, aged 17, was killed here in a football game between the Tiorney Cadets and an independent team composed principally of Gilbert preparatory school students. His skull was fractured and he died in a few minutes after the accident.

Ovid, Mich.—It has been learned that the cause of the mental unbalance of John B. Cross, who died this week in an asylum for the insane at Kalamazoo, was the unnatural position in which he had to hold his head in going about his work as a tree trimmer.

Schenectady, N. Y.—Fire in a mail car on a New York Central train near here destroyed a large portion of the contents and practically ruined the car. The blaze was in a through car from Boston filled with papers, magazines and other mail bound for San Francisco.

Washington—The population of the State of Kansas is 1,690,949, according to the statistics of the thirteenth census made public by Director Durand. This is an increase of 220,454, or 15 per cent over 1,470,495 in 1900. The increase during the previous decade from 1890 to 1900 was 41,373, or 2.9 per cent.

Columbus, Ohio—Counterfeit nickels and quarters of the date 1903, aggregating $100, were found in a penitentiary drain. The spurious coins are thought to have been made by Charles Kline, a Montgomery county prisoner, who served five terms in the penitentiary and who was detected making coins in one of the prison shops.

London—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Times describes the situation arising from the student demonstrations in honor of Tolstoi as serious. A large force of police scattered the crowds outside the university. Twenty students were injured. Serious trouble is feared and troops have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness.

Salida, Colo.—Students of the psychology of pain found an interesting case in James Smith, a miner living 14 miles north of here. Smith resolved upon suicide, and while in the act of raising the revolver to his temple sent a bullet into his foot, shattering several bones. He was taken to a hospital, where he expressed a desire to get well.

New York—Explosion of a bomb in front of a tenement house in West Forty-seventh street badly damaged the front of the building and caused a panic among the twenty families who occupied the structure. It is believed by the police that the bomb was meant for a firm which recently opened a fruit store on the ground floor. They are said to have received threats. Police reserves quelled the panic.

Chicago—Forty half barrels of dried eggs were seized by government officials upon information provided by Assistant District Attorney Hulbert, who charged that the eggs were mixed with decomposed and putrid matter. A chemical analysis showed 20,000,000 bacteria of gas-producing character in a quarter tablespoonful of the eggs. This information stated that the eggs were shipped from Topeka, Kans., June 6th last.

Guthrie, Okla.—Word was received from Washington that the attorney general had requested the commissioner of Indian affairs to stop the proposed sale by the Indian agent at Pawuska, Okla., of Turkel Island, in the Arkansas river. The island, claimed by the state, is worth half a million dollars in oil deposits. Since oil was discovered the island has been allotted to the Osage Indians as part of a surplus allotment.

COAST HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Recent Occurrences Along the Pacific Slope Related in Brief Items.

Paragraphs Selected With a View to Giving Busy Readers the News in a Nutshell.

Burlingame—Harry Beck, employed in a San Francisco cannery, was drowned while hunting ducks in the marshes of San Francisco bay at Millbrae.

Petaluma—The fourth annual show of the Petaluma Poultry Keepers' Association, to be held December 7th to 10th, will be one of the largest ever given on the Pacific Coast, it is said. A street fair will be held in conjunction.

Sacramento—A committee of 200 business men was appointed to make preparations for the inaugural ball to mark the official welcome to the administration of Governor-elect Hiram W. Johnson. The ball will be held some time early in January.

Sacramento—Governor Gillett appointed the following delegates to the seventh national rivers and harbors congress at Washington in December: Leon Sloss, A. W. Scott, R. B. Hale, H. T. Scott, M. H. de Young, James McNab and Frank L. Brown.

Vallejo—A message in transit through the air from Key West, Fla., to Norfolk, Va., was received by Operator Bennish at the United States government station at the Mare Island navy yard. Every word of a conversation between the two operators on the Atlantic coast was distinctly read.

Sacramento—A citrus fair will be held in Sacramento in conjunction with the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association convention February 15-18. The executive committee named A. A. Martin of Tehama county to gather and place on display the citrus and other fruits of the state. Martin has been awarded a liberal sum to gather the exhibit.

Bakersfield—The laying of a 16-inch gas main down the valley to carry the product of the great gas wells of the Buena Vista hills to San Francisco and the valley towns en route is said to be among the plans of the California Gas Company. Officials of the company havs just visited the west side fields, and it is reported that the flow is growing stronger instead of less.

Woodland—Because S. H. Wilson chooses to live with his wife, his election as assemblyman from the sixteenth district may be contested, although his plurality was 372 and he carried all but two precincts. While he maintains an office in Winters, Yolo county, he recently married Mrs. Taylor, who owns a ranch across the line in Solano county, where he has since lived.

Sacramento—Governor James N. Gillett, Governor-elect Hiram W. Johnson and a delegation of other prominent Californians will depart for Washington from this city on the first of the month to work before the congress for the Panama-Pacific exposition for California. They will join forces with the delegation which left a few days ago to tell congress the advantages of San Francisco.

San Francisco—Relatives of the late Dietrich Bestman will receive $4,000 through an order of Judge Graham. Henry Bestman, a brother of Dietrich, disappeared twenty years ago when he went to Stockton. A few years later a letter was received from him, but since no trace has been found. Judge Graham declared him legally dead and ordered that the whole $4,000 be sent to relatives in the East.

Sacramento—Here is a census of the livestock of California, taken from the biennial report of Dr. Charles Keane, state veterinarian, to Governor Gillett: Horses, 420,000; mules, 83,000; sheep, 2,373,000; milch cows, 452,000; hogs, 540,000; other cattle, 1,120,000. Total, 4,987,000. In the report the aggregate value of all livestock enumerated is placed at $160,350,400. The horses are valued at $44,000,000 and the mules at $10,126,000.

San Francisco—The first of laws to insure honest weights and measures to the purchasing public has been passed by the board of supervisors, providing for the sale of butter by net weight only whether wholesale or retail. The new ordinance imposes a penalty for any short weight and stops the practice of selling butter by the roll or square which is supposed to weigh two pounds, but may be several ounces short of that figure.

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Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. Olney Kinkead Walker, pastor (Res., 211 Crocker Bvd.). Preaching 8 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m.

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SKINS ARE STUFFED

Roosevelt's Trophies Are Being Prepared In Washington.

Taxidermists Are at Work With the Specimens and Carpenters Are Erecting the Mounts in the National Museum.

Washington.—In an obscure corner of the national museum, on the mall, in Washington, half a dozen men are preparing the skins of the animals killed by Theodore Roosevelt and his party in Africa. Carpenters are building the framework on which the hides of the mammals will be mounted and taxidermists are working with the skins under the supervision of government naturalists.

In the department given over to the study of comparative anatomy, where the skeletons of the largest animals are suspended from the ceiling, are two glass cases. In these are the trophies of the $250,000 Roosevelt hunt. The collection consists of the skins of a lion, cheetah, reed buck, mongoose, leopard, zebra, hyena, horse-tailed monkey, rhinoceros, Grant's gazelle, Thompson's gazelle and field mice. In another case are the skulls of a rhinoceros, giraffe, hippopotamus, wart hog, African buffalo and an antelope.

Few of the hundreds of tourists that visit the national museum each day pay much attention to the Roosevelt collection as it stands, the guards on duty say, and seldom does a sightseer ask where the Roosevelt collection may be found.

"It's a funny thing to me," remarked one of the curators of the museum, "why those skins and skulls don't make more of a hit with the public. The exhibit is labeled, as you see, and the word 'Roosevelt' in big letters on that placard yonder ought to be an attraction alone. But it is not."

A number of the skins, those of hartbeests, elephants and hippos are still packed in hogsheads in which they were shipped from Africa. Brine is the principal preservative used and the skins are in such good condition, taxidermists say, that they may be kept indefinitely. As rapidly as the skin of one animal is stuffed it is set aside, in the rough, and work is begun on another. The finishing touches are left to the naturalist and his work is important.

"Perhaps you never thought much about it," said an employe at the museum, who is a student of natural history, "but animals have a wonderful lot of expression—facial expression, I mean. They have their moods just as we do, and it is a knack coupled with a certain artistic sense, to 'build' up a skeleton, clothe it with a pelt and make it appear as it did in life. Particularly is this true of our larger wild animals, the very kind we are working with now in getting together the Roosevelt collection.

"Lower classes of animal life are not so difficult to handle, birds and reptiles being comparatively easy to stuff and mount. It is in posing the subjects that the real difficulty is encountered. There are many details to be looked after. For example, it is a good day's work to select and fit the right kind of glass eyes for just such specimens are we are now working with. It's not hard to pick out elephant eyes from those of a lion or an antelope, but it is a job to select the right shade and size and it is not altogether practicable to follow models too closely. Of course, the general contour of the specimen is the principal thing to pay attention to, but there are any number of little details to be looked after that makes the work tedious.

"The Asiatic elephant and the African elephant, while they are first cousins and in a general way look a good deal alike, have distinguishing features. Almost everyone knows that their ears vary in size and shape and that their eyes differ in shape and often in color. It rests with the naturalist to put the finishing touches to a specimen after the taxidermist has done the rough work."

The larger animals that go to make up the Roosevelt collection will have ribs of wood. By the first of the year, specimens will be on display in the national museum.

EFFICIENCY IS REQUIRED.

The order signed by President Taft placing in the classified service assistant postmasters and such clerks in certain classes of post offices as are not now within the civil service, does not take effect until December 1. An important feature of the order is that assistant postmasters who cannot present an efficiency record will not have the advantage of the order. The official text of the order is as follows:

"It is hereby ordered that the position of assistant postmaster in post offices of the first and second classes and also the position of clerk, of whatever grade, in post offices of the first and second classes, not hitherto classified, shall be included in the classified service, provided that no assistant postmaster or clerk appointed without examination prior to this examination shall be classified who fails to establish to the satisfaction of the post office department his capacity for efficient service in the position held, and Schedule A of the civil service rules is hereby amended accordingly. This order shall take effect December 1, 1910."

The civil service commission is not prepared to make a definite statement as to the number of persons who will be brought into the competitive classified service until a further analysis of the effect of the order has been made. There were on July 1, 1909, 2,105 assistant postmasters in first and second class post offices, and on the date named there were 614 second class post offices in which city free delivery had not been established, in which there were employed 1,746 clerks who were unclassified. A considerable number of these second class offices have since been classified by the establishment of city free delivery, thus reducing the number of clerks who are classified and who will be affected by the present order. It is probable, however, that the total number of persons affected will be in the neighborhood of 3,600.

Some regret is being expressed by civil service reformers that the president did not accompany this new order with one covering all the fourth class postmasters in the country into the classified service. At present the fourth class postmasters of 14 states—the territory east of the Mississippi river and north of the Ohio river—are in the classified service. The number of fourth class postmasters in these 12 states is about 24,000. The total number of fourth class postmasters in the country is 52,942, so as will be seen, not quite half the postmasters in this class are in the classified service.

It was said at the civil service commission recently that the policy will undoubtedly be to fill the places of assistant postmasters by the promotion of postoffice employes already in the classified service. Postmaster General Hitchcock desires that this policy shall be pursued rather than a policy under which men unfamiliar with the duties of the office would be brought in through competitive examinations, and the civil service commission supports the postmaster general's views.

WANT U. S. TO BOOST GOOD ROADS

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture has received a petition signed by eight American delegates who attended the recent international road congress at Brussels requesting that his department consider the advisability of the United States government becoming a member of the Permanent International Association of Road Congresses. The office of public roads is a part of the department of agriculture, and for this reason the matter was put up to the secretary for his consideration.

The special significance of the petition is that it discloses the fact that the United States, which has the most extensive system of roads of any country in the world, has been one of the three slowest nations to join the International Road association now formally adhered to by 26 governments. Italy and England are the only other large countries which have not joined.

The nations of Europe have gone a long way ahead of the United States in road work, particularly in the matter of administration and road maintenance, and experts say that for this reason this country will benefit immensely in the advantage of collaboration made possible by membership in the international congress. France, for instance, with its almost perfect system of roads, sends one and one-third times as much freight over her public highways as is carried by the railroads. The freight traffic on the roads of other European countries is almost as heavy. In this country conditions are reversed and it is estimated that the railroads carry nearly four times as much freight as the public roads. Yet railroad development depends, engineers say, on the good roads which open up and make accessible the country adjacent to the lines.

The department of agriculture now has the petition under consideration and, if approval is given, congress will be asked this coming winter for the small appropriation necessary for this country's membership dues.

RENOVATING THE CAPITOL.

The capitol has recently undergone a thorough house cleaning and renovating. Over 200 workmen have been laboring with paint brush, mallet and chisel for months to improve the building. Among the numerous big changes is that of using the power plant of southeast Washington, which will transmit heat and light through more than a mile of tunnel to the capitol, the office building and the congressional library.

All the rooms, stairways, etc., have been painted and varnished. For year after year paint and varnish have been put on the walls and stairways until it will no longer stick, but peels off, leaving unsightly spots. This year the cleaning went so deep that all of the old paint was sandpapered off and the new coats put directly on the walls. The painting of the dome and capitol combined has been an enormous task. It has been estimated that if one man only were to tackle the job it would take him about five years to complete it.

MOONSHINERS IN THE CAPITAL

An illicit whisky still almost in the heart of the national capital! Now, what do you think of that? The revenue officers made the discovery a few days ago that in the southwest section of the city is an illicit still with a capacity of 100 gallons of whisky a day, and it has been there for nearly a year. Some important arrests have been made, and it has been discovered that several of the wholesale liquor houses in this city were getting their supply of whisky

MAN VS. THE MOOSE

EXCITING ENCOUNTER ON THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY LINE.

Adventure Is Illustrative of the Fearless Daring of Individuals Who Make Up the Far North Pathfinder Parties.

A letter from Mr. Charles J. Bruce, one of the engineers laying out the line of the proposed Hudson Bay railway, contains the description of a most exciting encounter between a man and a moose, illustrative of the fearlessness of the individuals who make up these pathfinder parties in the far north. There are three surveying parties at work between the Pas and York factory, and the scene described occurred on the Nelson river. The country is a sportsman's paradise, literally swarming with game. The adventure in question occurred about the latter part of July, and is told as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon 'Silent' Jack Labelle and Scotty were exploring a creek running into the bay in front of the camp. Paddling around a point they came into a little lake and in the middle of the lake a young bull moose swimming across. They didn't have a gun, knife or weapon of any kind, but that didn't have any effect on 'Silent' Jack, a Maniwaki boy, by the way, and our head packer. He wanted that moose, and he was going to get him. In spite of the frenzied protests of 'Scotty,' who was sure he was going to be upset and drowned, Jack laid the canoe alongside of the moose and went for him with a paddle. The first blow sheared the moose's ear off as though it had been done with a knife. The second smashed the paddle to smithereens on its horns. Nothing put out by this, Jack caught the horns and pulled the canoe on the animal's neck, to try and keep its head under water and drown it. But the moose was too strong, and it took some quick paddle work from the now hysterical Scotty in the bow to keep from capsizing. The contestants were getting near the shore by this time, and Jack, fearful of losing the fresh meat for three days which that lively animal represented, and regardless of a little thing like a disparity of 300 pounds between his weight and the moose, went overboard on the creature's back. Once he was in sole charge of the canoe, Scotty had leisure to observe one of the liveliest duels he ever saw. At times he was uncertain whether it was Jack drowning the moose or the moose drowning Jack. Unfortunately, the moose got his feet on a sandbar which extended into the lake, and once on solid ground, shook Jack off with ease. As Labelle, with a badly ripped shirt where his late rival's horns had almost caught him, with his lungs filled with water, and his hair full of mud, watched that roast moose, venison steak, moose potpie, and broiled tongue disappear in the woods at 40 miles an hour, he justified his sobriquet of 'Silent' Jack, for the things he said are not repeatable nor printable."—Ottawa Citizen.

Loved His Teacher First.

Over in the detention school they have a little rallying cry going something like this:

"We love our flag, we love our country, we love our mothers."

One day recently a little boy who had become so "good" that he had been sent home, suddenly loomed up in school again.

"Well, Mickey," remarked Miss Wallace, "I am glad to see you, but your place is not here. You have been a good boy and you need not report here any more. But before you go will you please repeat our rallying cry?"

"I love Miss Walters, I love my flag, and I love my country," was the quick reply.

"Oh, Mickey," said Miss Walters, "you must say I love my mother after you say 'I love my flag and my country.'"

"Yes, I know that's the rule," said Mickey, "but I love you best of all."—Cleveland Leader.

An International Question.

There is a little matter which has evidently escaped the notice of our ambassador to England. A short time ago Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, with a party of guests, spent $50,000 for a single day's shooting upon the Helwick Hall moor at Upper Teesdale, and a number of the London newspapers criticized the proceedings as not worth while.

Our ambassador should insist upon more respectful treatment of American citizens. If this money had been contributed by Englishmen there might possibly have been some basis of criticism, but the affair is entirely our own. We have the right to give our millionaires, young or old, whatever income we please, and, of course, after we give it to them, it is their duty to spend it in a way to reflect the most credit upon the financial condition of our country.—Life.

Driving the Question Home.

Van Rounder (between shots)—All this guff about women having the right to vote makes me sick. Woman's first duty is to her children and her home.

Townley (unfeelingly)—Say, Bill, now I know why you never spend your evenings with the wife and kids. It's because you've got a vote.—Puck.

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THE PHOENIX

By Izole Forrester

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"What is a phoenix—I mean definitely?" Jess's tone was full of perplexity as she leaned forward on her desk her pencil balanced, waiting for the answer. "The bird that rose from some ashes, wasn't it?"

"Why?" Phyllis, her sister, stopped petting the Persian cat to listen. "I don't remember myself."

"It's the subject of Rory Latimer's new painting," Jess went on. "And they say it's founded on his own career."

Phyllis hardly caught the words. She was accustomed to her sister's researches, and was vaguely interested in them, but tonight she frankly did not want to be bothered over ancient history. She had seen Rory Latimer's name so many times the past month that it almost annoyed her. But so far she had not run across him, and the future held a strange sweet uncertainty that she could not have expressed even to herself.

Three years before her father had been killed in a motor accident abroad, and the mother had followed within a year. The two Newell sisters found themselves with a fortune invested for them and a quiet, lovely old mansion on Montague terrace, whose windows swept the harbor view for miles.

Mrs. Newell had been a Kentucky belle, and in Phyllis one found all of the charm and beauty loving, generous nature that had made the Dunderdales of Lexington famous for generations. She loved music passionately, and her horseback riding,

"I AM VERY GLAD THAT I HELPED YOU ANY RORY" SHE SAID SOFTLY

pictures, art in all its interpretations, and, as Jess said laconically, it was natural she should love Rory Latimer, for Rory was an incarnate interpretation of art.

It has been Jess's fault, their meeting at all, and she took the full responsibility of it with a stoicism that was admirable, considering Rory. There had been an entertainment at the settlement, a Greek dance for the children, and a little play that Jess had written for them, full of pastoral beauty and tender charm.

"I want to try and bring some of that the old world glamour into their poor lives," she had told Phyllis. "Oh, I know what you want to say, that they will make a mess of it all, but they don't dear. They may live in squalid tenements and live on rye bread and coffee, but they recognize art when they see and hear it, these babies of Italy, who have been bred on song and sunlight and color back home. And, besides, I have engaged the interest of Latimer over the 'phone, and he has promised to help."

Phyllis sat in the big armchair opposite, listening idly and smiling, but at the name, she leaned quickly forward, her gray eyes suddenly darkening.

"Rory Latimer, Jess?"

Jess added absently as she ran her fingers over an index file:

"The artist, dear. He does mural stuff, don't you know? All old Greek scenes. You liked one called 'Springtime in Melos.' A lot of little children throwing pink blossoms at some mermaids or dolphins. He's a nice sort of a boy. I thought he was still abroad, and 'phoned to his studio on a chance of finding him there."

"Has he been abroad since—I mean very long?" Phyllis asked in a low tone, bending over to stroke a huge Persian sat that leaned lovingly against her velvet dinner gown. Phyllis always dressed for dinner. It was part of her own little personal creed of right living."

"Three years, I think," Jess answered briskly. "He was a perfect cub then. A big, placid boy, with a wonderful opinion of his own powers. He'd been earning fabulous salaries at comic illustration—yes, dear, comic—and then he went abroad to pick up the foreign touch. And nobody knows just what happened, but all at once he threw up every comic order and contract and pitched head over heels into real art. Turned picturesque tramp, and did all the dead cities and the half dead and the merely slumbering ones. And now he has come back home, and is a serious, dear sort of a boy, with nearly all his hopes come true. And he doesn't do any comic stuff any more."

"Doesn't he?" Phyllis' eyebrows lifted ever so slightly.

"I believe you know him." Jess turned on her suddenly.

"Oh, I knew him abroad, a little."

"You had better retain a favorable impression, dear." Jess' arms were laid with a quick impulse around her sister's bare soft throat, her cheek pressed close to hers.

"I have retained a very favorable impression," laughed Phyllis, flushing. "And I am glad, so glad, that his hopes have nearly all come true."

They both paused as a step on the bare polished floor of the broad hallway caught their hearing, and Rory Latimer came in, boyish, courtly as always, showing not a whit in his face or manner whether he had heard their talk about him or not.

For nearly an hour he talked with Jess over the plans for the settlement fete, talked together earnestly, merrily, as the subject changed tint, and with an air of rare friendship and understanding that carried its own message to the heart of Phyllis, sitting somewhat in the shadow from the yellow glow of the broad, low mission library lamp. Vividly she recalled that joyous spring in Paris, when she and Rory and all the world had seemed so young together.

She had always been idealistic. His work as a comic artist had seemed the very degradation of art to her, even if his salary did count up to three and five hundred a week. The color rose even now in her cheeks as she remembered the quick, burning words she had said to him, words that scorched his ambition dead, and left only the vague hope of possible phoenix that might rise through love. It appeared from later results that the phoenix had risen. One of his unanswered letters forwarded from Paris after the motor accident had said something about the ashes of dead hopes being an excellent pigment if properly mixed and applied.

And it had been her love and pride in his future that had wrought the miracle.

When Jess rose to leave the room she turned her head to meet his gaze, with a curious sense of relief and fulfillment. Her belief in his possibilities had been the spur. He must have known how she loved him, even though a large part of the love was dependent on his success.

"It's simply bully to see you again," Rory began happily, as he moved to a seat close to her. "You'll never know what a real help you were to me back there in Paris, Miss Phyllis. I've learned a good deal of things as they are since then, quite a good deal. And while I've laughed at my terrible spell in love, still, at least, it brought me the first thorough criticism I had ever had, and it put me on the right track. I never heard whether a broken heart spoiled a racing horse or not, have you?" He laughed, laughed altogether too cheerfully for anybody with a broken heart, Phyllis thought.

"I am very glad that I helped you any, Rory," she said, softly. "I've always believed so in you, you know, and wanted you to be your real self.."

She lifted her long lashes and looked at him, but Rory failed to respond.

"I knew it," he exclaimed, eagerly. "That's just what I told Jess. She seemed to take up the work where you left it. I mean since I came to New York, I've been successful, but I've had few friends, and none like her." He paused a minute, and asked boyishly: "Do you think I will make a good brother-in-law, Phyllis?"

For a moment her head dropped, and she closed her eyes, her hands crushing the thick fur of the Persian cat in her lap. Jess came down the broad staircase beyond the velvet portieres humming under her breath a gay little tune the street pianos were rippling out these Indian summer days. It suddenly dawned upon Phyllis the new life that had transfigured Jess.

"Isn't it lucky you didn't take pity on me, sister?" laughed Rory, rising and looking down at her in brotherly fashion.

"Very, very fortunate," said Phyllis gamely, with a slow smile. "For us both, Rory."

An Amateur of Wives.

Luther Burbank, at the cactus dinner that he recently gave in Santa Rosa, said:

"As we all see, the fruit of the cactus is not bad. Some people, though, would turn from cactus with horror. Tastes differ. One man, such a man as myself, for instance, finding a single wife too many, remains unmarried. Another man, like Cetewayo, finds a thousand wives sacrcely enough.

"When Wolseley conquered Cetewayo, he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he left the monarch only a half-dozen or thereabouts.

"Cetewayo, day after day, sent piteous messages to Wolseley, pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly.

"When Wolseley came to leave the country Cetewayo, in desperation, sent this message to him:

"'If you will not send me any more wives, will you not, at least, be enough of a gentleman to exchange the six I have for six others?'"

The Same Old Moon.

William was on his way east to visit his grandparents. He lived in a western state and they had traveled all day in the cars and far into the night. He awoke from a long nap to discover the moon shining in brightly through the car window. Putting his face to the glass, he gazed a long time at it and then, turning, said: "Mamma, that looks just like the moon we have at home!"

MODES of the MOMENT

There is a nice moderation in the new tailored coat and skirt suits this season—nothing is extreme—and, although it seemed from the styles shown during the in-between season that coats would be noticeably short and skirts unpleasantly narrow, the styles taken as a whole show neither of these eccentricities, but are just comfortable in-between. The materials are all soft and supple and moderately light in weight.

Covert cloth in the familiar grayish tan is being used by some of the houses for the severer type of tailored suit and the new serge is very soft and heavy in quality, without a trace of crispness in texture. Ratine, the new beaver finished material, which has just been introduced this season, is lovely and warm for winter tailored suits, but it is not likely that it will be worn at home for this purpose as much as on this side of the water, as it lacks the trim quality that American women like in their tailored street clothes. It will undoubtedly be a popular material for country and golf suits, as it is wonderfully well adapted for this purpose.

As a lining material in satin wraps and coats for afternoon and evening wear it is really lovely and takes the place of an interlining and an overlining of silk or satin, as it is used without any additional overlining. It is made in all the new colors, and black and white.

Camel's Hair Cheviot.

Another charmingly soft material is a camel's hair cheviot. This material is quite unlike the old camel's hair cheviot you may have in mind, without the loose long hairs. It is almost smooth, having a feeling of chamois when the hand is passed over the nap of the material. The new colors are exceedingly soft and low in tone, with the probable exception of cerise and a bright greenish blue, which is used for dressy afternoon and evening gowns, although they are both colors which are more used for evening cloths, and even then must be worn with care by a few people.

There is a lovely soft green, like the green of partially turning leaves, almost gage green in color with a tint brown. Blue is much used in all colors, the staple marine blue leading, and a new blue, called "blue of the night," is in even a more somber tone than the marine blue, and is liked as a trimming with tones of lighter blue. Then there is a very soft light blue, which is almost a green, with a clear water blue tone, much liked for afternoon gowns and tailored suits with collars and cuffs of silver opossum fur. Brown is a great favorite in light leather tones and a darker tobacco brown.

In Tailored Suits.

One of the best points about the new fashions in tailored suits is that they are full of ideas to use in fixing over one's tailored suits from last season. In every instance the material can be taken away; there is no necessity for adding more of the same kind of material, which greatly simplifies the work of alteration in clothes.

The majority of the tailored coats measure 12 inches from the waistline. This is, of course, much shorter than last year's coats, so the shortening of a coat is very easy to give it the new lines. If your coat happens to be made with pockets set rather low, cut the coat directly on a line with the lower edge of the pocket. If the pockets are small, use material from the bottom of the coat and make long narrow pockets, extending them around over the underarm seam and making them from five to seven inches in height. Trim with bone buttons along the upper edge in a straight line and stitch a two-inch band of the material along the upper edge of the outer side.

This will give your coat a new look, as the little pockets are quite out of fashion.

Then as to the back of your coat. The newest models are quite plain fitting without a trace of fullness at the lower portion of the seams. It gives a very snug, trim appearance to the back of the coat and is really much better than the open vents, which are always turning up at the corners. When buttons are used they are placed high on the side back seams, at about an even distance between the underarm and the lower edge of the coat, which brings them at a high waistline. Many of the coats have a broad rolling collar of fur, one piece slightly narrowing toward the lower edge.

Sailor Collar Still Popular.

There is no abatement in the use of the sailor collar shapes, which have grown to cape-like proportions on even the short coats and are almost generally used on the long dressy coats of silk, velvet and fur. In square shapes they hang to within a few inches of the waistline, and the round collars extend well over the upper portion of the arm, forming a deep revere in front, fastening at the waist. They are exceedingly pretty when made of dyed muskrat, or the real seal if one is fortunate enough to pay the price or had an old coat which can be utilized for this purpose. Moleskin is lovely as a trimming on dark blue velvet or ratine cloth and velvet, and moire antique is much used in trimming suits of serge and camel's hair cheviot. When short hair fur is used for the collar and cuffs on coats, it is often repeated in a three or four-inch wide band on the lower portion of the coat or skirt. It is not set directly on the lower edge as in the suits of last year, but the depth of a hem above the edge.

Madame Paquin has a charming new type of a tailored coat this season, which is in the form of a Russian blouse. The upper part of the blouse is in one piece, with a seam at the upper arm and shoulder, the center back extending to the lower edge of the coat. The lower part of the coat is cut slightly circular to fit the hips with perfect smoothness, and is joined to the side of the center back panel and to the front and sides at the waistline. The back is plain fitting and the front slightly bloused, opening low at the side with deep revers. This type of coat is fastened with fancy olive buttons in jade or nickel, or a flat buckle interlocking at the sides is often used at the lower portion of the coat with invisible fastenings set above.

Although the skirts are narrow, they are not narrow to the point of being uncomfortable for walking. The lines are kept straight from the hips downward, with very little superfullness at the lower edge, and they average in width from two to two and a half yards around the lower edge.

New Ideas in Vogue.

The very simplest form is made with a plaited panel at the front and back and the sides in one piece. This is sometimes cut on the bias of the material or slightly circular, with a band trimming set in between the

Soft Satin and Ninon.

plaits. In the new skirts this does not confine the fullness of the upper portion, but is quite plain. There is a fancy for trimming the front of the skirt at the lower portion with buttons and the round buttonholes. The buttons are set on one side of the panel with the buttonholes on the other side.

This same form of trimming is then used on the revers, the buttons on one and the buttonholes on the other. It is merely a trimming, as they are, of course, impractical, but it is a simple form of trimming which is quite charming and effective. One of the new skirts was laid in all around box plaits, about six inches wide, not deep plaits, but very shallow at the turn under, so as to keep the skirt as narrow as possible. Many of the tailored skirts are made with tunics and overskirt arrangements, plain fitting and untrimmed, in various shapes, in keeping with the general idea of tailored clothes and the line of the coat with which the skirt is worn. Wide braid is much liked as a trimming in the color of the suit or in black.

Our illustration shows a costume in a combination of soft satin and ninon. The underskirt is in dark blue satin, the overskirt in bronze green ninon with a border of dull silver galloon at the edge.

The under bodice of ninon is gathered at waist, and is tucked for the yoke and sleeves, which have a puff below the elbow.

The one-piece over-blouse is of satin trimmed with galloon like that on skirt.

Materials required: 6 yards satin 42 inches wide, 4½ yards ninon 42 inches wide, about 6 yards galloon.

PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION

Desire Is Much, but Realization Is Less Cheerful and Pleasurable.

The housewife who complains that she "had longed for ten years to possess a brass bed, but now that she can get one she discovers that she wants a Napoleon bed in mahogany," has unwittingly summed up the whole phenomenon of human life. Practically all of our pleasures come from anticipation. Realization is much less colorful and pleasurable. The woman who had pictured for years a nice solid brass bed sitting on her rose-toned carpet beside the mahogany dressing table, and had warmed her spirit in the remote flames of that anticipation, has practically exhausted all the possibilities in the ownership of such a treasure. The treasure itself amounts to much less.

It is so with life. In youth we look forward longingly to the day when we can buy all the chocolate creams that we can eat, but on arriving at that delectable estate we discover that very few satisfy us. Anticipation dwells upon a big round seal muff, but realization shows us that round muffs are passe, and that, besides, mink is the thing. We dream of an automobile—and before it is realized the flying machine appears on the horizon. Desire is much; realization is little. Give us our anticipations.

HOW THE EYES ARE ABUSED

Headaches, Which Often Mean Eye Strain, Put Down to Liver or Indigestion.

Many a woman who takes great care of her diamonds lets her eyes take care of themselves, often to their lasting injury. Seldom, too, are the eyes of young people watched as they should be. Headaches, which may and often do mean eye strain, are put down to liver trouble or indigestion, and home remedies are administered for these ailments when what is really needed is a visit to the oculist. And going to an optician merely is not enough, since his business is to suit the eye with glasses only—which they may or may not need. The oculist suits the treatment to the eye, and it is better to err on the side of going to him without reason than to stay away when there may be need to go.

Considering the delicate mechanism of the eye, it is astonishing how much abuse it bears. Women go about peering through veils of heavy and intricate patterns, most harmful to the vision. Both men and women read constantly in street cars, than which nothing is worse. Children are allowed to read in insufficient light and in the gloaming. And seldom indeed does anyone take care, when reading or working, to be in the right position with regard to the light.

Wanted to Be Sure.

Bret Harte at one time used to plunder the people from the rostrum in the way of 50-cent lectures, says a magazine writer. During a trip over the Pennsylvania circuit he found himself one evening in a small town, the very atmosphere of which was depressing. Turning to the committeeman who awaited on him at his room in the hotel, Harte said: "Is this a healthful climate?" "Passably," responded the committeeman. "What's the mortality of this city?" "About one a day." "About one, eh," said Harte, "come this way a minute," and he drew the committeeman into the recess of the bay window and then said to him, solemnly, "Is the man dead for today? I am going to lecture here tonight, and I would be a great relief to me to know that I could get through alive."

Exercise as a Bad Habit.

Regular physical exercise of the artificial kind is a habit which, just like the moderate use of highly alcoholic beverages, has certain advantages, but which must also be held within the closest limits unless the disadvantages are to be greater. Certainly it is to be less artificially introduced into our social life, and in this case too it is just as wise not to allow it to become a habit. To wander through the country on a fine day is a beautiful inspiration and healthful for every one. To need the walk with mechanical regularity is the product of bad training, and to become the slave of Swedish gymnastic apparatus is no better than slavery to cigars.—From Munsterberg's Problems of Today.

Hereditary Talent.

From the postoffice steps Freeman Davis watched Professor Lane cross the road and enter the wheelwright's shop on the opposite side.

"Goes in an' out free as you or me," Mr. Davis remarked to Jabez Sewall, "an' nobody knows how many letters he's entitled to write after his name."

Jabez nodded. "But what I can't just make out is how he come by all his smartness. Far's I know, none of his forbears ever amounted to much in a literary way."

"What you talkin' about?" Mr. Davis demanded, warmly. "You know's well's I do that his father could spell Nebuchadnezzar quicker'n any other boy in school!"—Youth's Companion.

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not.

"God doesn't love me any more," sobbed Mary to her mother one day.

"Why, dear, God loves everybody; what do you mean?"

"Oh, no, he doesn't love me, I'm sure, for I tried him with a daisy."—Metropolitan Magazine.

QUEER COINCIDENCE

ODD CONCURRENCES ALWAYS TICKLE OUR ASTONISHMENT.

Blind Luck by Which the Number on a Typewriter and That on the Lottery Ticket Were the Same.

There is something about a coincidence that never fails to tickle our astonishment. We all know that when there are a hundred chances to one that a thing won't happen there still remains one chance to a hundred that it will. Yet when that one chance turns up we gasp with undisguised amazement and refuse to believe that it is a coincidence at all. "Ah, ah!" we say at once. "There is more in this than meets the eye."

Coincidences should be narrated always. Passed on from friend to friend "sotto voce" of a summer evening while the electric fan whizzes and the cracked ice tinkles. Coincidences should be prefaced always with such remarks as this: "Of course you can't be expected to believe this, but it actually happened. On my word, it did." Or: "On my honor this is actually the truth." Or: "You can believe this or not, as you choose, but—"

After this fashion they have told already in a certain neighborhood set down on Long Island the story of the man who bought a lottery ticket at the French exposition. His mother-in-law was a good soul. If there was one thing on earth she abhorred it was lotteries. She used to write the governor of Louisiana once every year and suggest he suppress the lotteries in New Orleans. Well, as luck would have it, she strolled into John's office and found that lottery ticket, not so long after he had reached home from Paris.

"What is this thing, John?" she asked, adjusting her pince-nez.

John knew that she knew, but he did what he could, and the outcome should be a lesson never to give way to discouragement.

"That," said John, "is the secret number on the inside of my new typewritter." John's mother-in-law turned up the typewriter and looked. John braced himself and waited.

"Why, I do beg your pardon," said John's mother-in-law.

After she had gone John went over to the desk, turned up that typewriter himself, and looked. "Of course you won't believe it," says the Long Islander; "I shouldn't myself, but the truth is those numbers, the French lottery ticket and the inside number on John's new typewriter, were the same—the same—the same all but one figure, and that was an eight on the typewriter that was blurred to look like the six on the lottery ticket. And you can't beat that," said the Long Islander, and passed the chipped ice.—New York Sun.

Number of Animal Species.

In 1839 Bunther made a list of all the known animal species. In 1881 another list was made and the two lists were compared. In 1830 there were about 78,588 species; in 1881 the number had increased to 311,653. And as the minimum yearly increase since then has been 12,000, about 600,000 are known at the present time. This is a large figure, but it is probable that it is insignificant compared with figures of the species as yet undiscovered.

The world of the lower animals is teeming. In 1905 the naturalist Sharper listed a quarter of a million insects and expressed the belief that a quarter of a million was only a tenth part of the number of the species of insects on earth.

The Japanese Policeman.

Japan has a police force modeled after the French system. In various places throughout Tokio there are small "kabancho," which resemble sentry-boxes, but are larger.

Three men are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat, returning, at regular intervals to the box. After twenty-four hours' work the three officers are given the same time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box.

During their "off" days the men are employed taking census returns, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances and the presence of suspicious persons.

A Little London Financier.

An East End clergyman tells a moving tale of innocence. A frail little girl came into a public house with a jug to fetch her parents half a pint. When the jug was filled she nervously put down two halfpennies on the counter and made for the door. The barman, though he hardly liked to frighten the poor, little thing, called after her, in a gentle voice:

"You're a halfpenny short."

"No, you're a halfpenny short!" she answered, and disappeared.—London Globe.

Gait to Strike.

"Indeed, papa, do you not sufficiently appreciate Willie. Everybody says he is a coming man."

"Well, you tell him he will be much more popular with me if he is more of a going

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S. F. N. U. - - - - - No. 49, 1910

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FAVORS NOT APPRECIATED

Gratitude Not Shown to Helper— People Do Not Feel Honest in Getting Something for Nothing.

It is a strange phase of human nature, which does not quite appreciate or feel the proper gratitude for favors. I have hardly ever known a boy whose way was paid through college, for example, by some one interested in him, to show the proper regard for his helper, or to quite respect the one who boosted him—who furnished crutches for him when he might have had to use his own legs.

As a rule, the things that we are helped to are never fully appreciated. We experience a satisfaction when we have honestly earned a thing which we do not feel when it is given to us. There is something within which rebels at being helped, because help from others tends to kill self respect. We do not think quite so much of ourselves after having accepted favors or a position which we have not earned, as we did before. The sense of justice in us is violated. We do not feel quite honest in accepting something for nothing.

The man who tries to get along without satisfying his sense of justice is always placed at a disadvantage. He may try to be grateful for unmerited help, for the assistance in getting that which he has not earned, for being given a position far above his merits, through a "pull;" but he never feels quite right about it. The man who has been lifted above others because he was a son or a relative, or because his father owned controlling interest in the concern, never quite respects himself when he goes around among the employees and sees those who have struggled for years and have worked over hours for the position he occupies, and who in fact have developed the strength to maintain the position after they get it. His sense of fairness is violated. He knows that it is not right to take the place which somebody else has honestly earned, and who according to merit should have it. He is conscious, too, that he is not equal to the demands of the position into which he has been boosted —Success Magazine.

Failed to Introduce New Clock Idea

About a year ago all America and England were talking about the new clock idea—turning the clock an hour ahead in summer and back again in winter, so that the whole country would sleep when it was dark and work when it was light. Thus, we would rise at what was really 5, but the clock would call it 6, and retire at 9, but the clock would say 10. Therefore, without changing our daily habits, we could get the benefit of the daylight and save in illumination.

The idea was introduced into the British parliament, but failed to become a law. Two cities, however adopted it—Birmingham, England, and Cincinnati, Ohio. Both tried in vain to enforce it on the people, but public opinion was against it, and now it has been wholly abandoned. It is rather a shame, for it was a good plan, and in time the public might have been brought to see its utility.

However, here it rests in "innocuous desuetude" until some progressive schemer brings it up again.

Witness Turns the Tables.

Samuel Kalisch tells the following story of a famous lawyer he knew several years ago: "This lawyer," said Mr. Kalisch, "had a fashion of browbeating every witness that came on the stand for the opposite side in the case. Once he was examining a rather meek looking man who steadyfastly refused to give a plain answer to any of the lawyer's questions. At last in replying to one question the witness answered that he was unable to say either yes or no.

"'Now, that is a ridiculous answer,' said the lawyer. 'Do you mean to tell me that you could possibly ask me a question to which I could not answer yes or no?'

"'Well,' said the witness, as he leaned forward and looked at his tormentor, 'will you please tell the court, by answering yes or no, if in your estimation you are really as stupid and foolish as you look?'"—Newark Star.

Cats Become Semi-Wild.

Domestic cats soon revert to a semi-wild state when once they take to the woods, and are terribly destructive in the coverts. They destroy pheasants, partridges, leverets and rabbits. The life of these wild tabbies is wild indeed. Every dormant instinct is aroused; each movement becomes characteristically feline, and when these creatures revert to life in the woods it is impossible to reclaim them. Climatic influences work remarkable changes upon the fur, causing it to grow longer and thicker, and the cats take up their abode in stony crevasses or hollow trees. In summer, when kittens are produced, the destruction of game is almost incredible.

Genius, Past and Present.

"You must admit the greatness of the men who painted the pictures you re so anxious to acquire."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "Although I can't help thinking of what a lot of respect those old masters would have had for the men who are now able to buy their works."

What Did He Mean.

Doctor—You must be operated upon directly! Not a day's delay!

Jones—Hold on, doc! Stick to your automobile! Don't begin thinking about a flying machine!"—Puck

CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods; they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic. Price 25 cents.

The Crop That Failed.

James A. Patten, on his arrival in New York last month, predicted short harvests all over the world. "And if we don't prepare for these short harvests," he said to a reporter, "we'll all be as disappointed as the Evanston capitalist was.

"An Evanston capitalist, going over his farm at Des Plaines the other day, stopped in a field and said reproachfully to his foreman:

"'You ought to have been more careful, Harris, in raking up your hay. Don't you see you've left little wisps lying all about?'

"'Little wisps?' the foreman stammered. 'Why, boss, that's the crop!'"

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 24 packages of Post Cards to sell for us. When you return the money to us, we will send you a real Flying Machine that will fly with its own power. Western Novelty Supply Company, Merced, Cal.

The Unassertive Listener.

"That man agreed with every opinion I expressed," said the positive woman.

"Indeed," replied Miss Cayenne; "he must have been very much interested or very much bored."

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 Years Old, relieves tired eyes, quickly cures eye aches, inflamed, sore, watery or ulcerated eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

When the wolf is at your door you will be surprised how easily you can chase him away if you make the effort.

PLUMBING MATERIAL.
We carry everything in Plumbing Material. Country orders a specialty. Bath $10.00, Basins $5.00, Sink $2.00, machine threading, free delivery. Cut prices on everything. C. P. Plumbing Material Supply Co., Inc. 320-328 McAllister St., S. F.

Invisible to the naked eye, electric wireless waves leaving a station have been caught and pictured by the camera.

Fashions may change, times grow better or worse, friends come or go, but Old Gilt Edge Whiskey remains the favorite.

The South African Government employs a veterinarian to study the diseases of ostriches.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The Oroya Railroad, in Peru, climbs to an attitude of 15,500 feet to cross the Andes mountains.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Can't Kick.

"You go home to your wife rather late?"

"Yes, but she can't kick."

"Does she remain out late also?"

"No, she wears a hobble skirt."

Masterpieces and Poverty.

Poverty produces masterpieces, but wealth smothers them. You would be able to count on your fingers all the masterpieces produced by rich people.

For That Heartburn

and smothering sensation after eating you really ought to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It acts quikly, tones the stomach and aids digestion, thus removing the cause of the trouble. Always keep a bottle handy for just such cases. It is also for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Troubles, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. Try it today.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

AUTO GOSSIP.

In the recent issue of the Ford Times, the bi-monthly magazine issued by the Ford Motor Company, an interesting notice is given on the advantage of advertising. The Times says: "Down in that sparkling little city called Jewell, Ia., Ford cars are sold by Hood & Snyder. Model T shipments have been sent to Jewell in such regularity that we began to wonder how our dealers disposed of them. But we found out the other day—they advertise. And it's mighty fine copy—no wonder they sell the goods. Three, four and five column ads used alternately are the size of their copy, describing hill climbs, endurance runs and other attractive matter that catches the eye of the reader. If any one doubts the value of advertising, just ask Hood & Snyder."

Thirty-six Hupmobiles are en route from the factory, according to S. G. Chapman of the local Hupmobile agency. This little car seems to be getting more and more popular and the local sales manager has no difficulty in disposing of all the cars he can get.

C. A. Hawkins, Pacific Coast manager of The White Co., reports the recent delivery of two five-ton White Gasoline trucks to the Mr. Hood Railway Co. of Seattle. Those trucks will displace thirty-two horses and will be used in hauling cement and other construction materials from Boring to the site of the concern's new power-house on the Bull Run River.

Mr. E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. was interviewed on the coast outlook recently, and after referring to the company's records said: "Up to the corresponding date last year the Chalmers Co. had shipped but 33 cars; now en route there have been shipped 99 Chalmers cars, which is just three times the number shipped last year. At present our schedule calls for 35 cars per month for October, November and December, which will make 200 cars shipped by January first. This is as many cars as were shipped up to April 15th of last season. Our sale for the cheaper cars, Hudson runabouts and touring cars, have exceeded by over 50 per cent the shipment of last year. Our prospect list is larger than any previous season."

Reports from the East indicates that the persistent efforts of the local automobile trade has gained the undivided support of eastern factories for San Francisco as the place to hold the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Among the local firms which have prominently identified themselves with this movement is the Diamond Rubber Co. This concern has addressed a personal letter to every automobile manufacturer in the East asking them to boost for San Francisco. The list embraces about three hundred concerns

The representatives of Whiting (Ltd.) of London closed with the Hupp Motor Car Co. for 200 Hupmobiles for England and Ireland.

The American automobiles of medium price are finding favor in Egypt. A shipment of Hudson "33" has just been made to M. G. Torossian, the Hudson dealer at Cairo. There are many classes of automobilists in the land of the Pyramids, the motor car appealing not only to the Americans and English who reside there but to many wealthy Egyptians, Arabs, and East Indians. Several roads around Cairo had never been traversed except on foot or on the backs of camels before the advent of the Hudson in that clime.

Among the most recent deliveries of Haynes cars is that just made by the Haynes Auto Sales Co. to Marshall A. Frank, the well-known insurance man. Another car of the same make has also just been delivered to Smythe Brothers, the fire-proof contracting firm.

One of the most elegant catalogues issued by the automobile trade for the 1911 season is that published by the Chalmers Motor Car Co., of Detroit. This catalogue, which contains about 40 pages, is beautifully illustrated in colors. One of the most interesting features is a series of pictures taken of the Chalmers which won the trophy on the Glidden route. The catalogue proper is well introduced by a frontispiece illustration of the Chalmers factory done in three colors. Another department of the catalogue is devoted to the illustration of the factory's interior. Here the cars are shown in the process of construction.

American manufactured automobile accessories are winning a decided preference in European motoring circles, if reports brought back to this country by autoists who have toured the old world, are to be believed. John Munford, who is driving for James L. Flood, has just returned from Europe and states that he found Monogram Oil all through the touring districts there and that it held the same enviable position as an automobile lubricant that it does in this country.

WHAT HE HAD LEFT BEHIND

Humorous Story From Which Advanced Woman Has Made Her Own Deductions.

The one woman invited to attend the meeting of the first conference of Governors held at the White House in 1908 was Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker of Denver, then president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, and during her speech to the conference she told this story:

One evening Farmer John came back from his weekly trip to town, half a dozen miles away, and after unhitching his mare walked over to the pump for his customary scrub, and then joined his son and daughter at supper in the kitchen.

"Sort 'o 'pears to me 'sthough I'd 'a' forgot something or other," he remarked toward the end of the meal, as he searched for his tobacco.

"Why, pa, did you get the reel of thread and the pink gingham for my dress?"

"Yep."

"And the crock of butter and the bag of flour, and the vaniller flav'ring?"

"Yep."

"Did ye git the barrer mended and shoe old Jinny?"

"Yep, Sam."

"Well, pa, I don't rec'elect that ye had anything else ye ought to have brought back."

But still pa did not seem quite satisfied. He chewed awhile reflectively, his gaze fixed ruminatingly on space. Suddenly he smote his thigh with a prolonged exclamation: "By gash! It's ma I've forgot!"

"And that,' 'observed Mrs. Decker, "has been the trouble all along. Ma's been left behind. But now she has given up waiting. She has arrived by a path of her own, and she's not going to be forgotten again."—Century Magazine.

Spreading Happiness.

Happiness, at least, is not solitary; it joys to communicate; it loves others, for it depends on them for its existence; it sanctions and encourages to all delights that are not unkind in themselves. The very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good nature, and help the rest of us to live.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

An Omission.

"It strikes me as very strange that in these days of clamorous equal rights, the women have allowed one masculine monopoly to creep into the field."

"What is that?"

"They have as yet formed no Sapphira auxiliary to the Ananias club."

Too Near.

"What animal," said the teacher of the class in natural history, "makes the nearest approach to man?"

"The flea?" timidly ventured the little boy with the surly hair.

On Worrying.

If you worry your wife thinks you're foolish. If you don't she thinks you lack a proper sense of your responsibilities.

Make Little Use of Soap.

Only one ounce of soap a head is annually used by the people of India.

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Self-Help.

It is not well, my friend, to run to the craftsman, whatever may befall, nor in every matter to need another's aid, nay, fashion a pipe thyself, and to thee the task is easy.—Bion, translation of Andrew Lang.

The New Flavor
Mapleine
(Flavor of Maple)

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book.

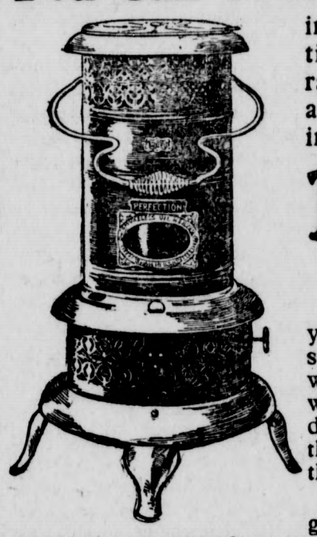
CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Seattle, Wash.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year." James McGune,
108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to the Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill., and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

You Can Work Near a Window



in winter when you have a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a portable radiator which can be moved to any part of a room, or to any room in a house. When you have a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

you do not have to work close to the stove, which is usually far from the window. You can work where you wish, and be warm. You can work on dull winter days in the full light near the window, without being chilled to the bone.

The Perfection Oil Heater quickly gives heat, and with one filling of the font burns steadily for nine hours, without smoke or smell. An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. The filler-cap, put in like a cork in a bottle, is attached by a chain. This heater has a cool handle and a damper top.

The Perfection Oil Heater has an **automatic-locking flame spreader,** which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged and can be unscrewed in an instant for rewicking. The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in japan or nickel, is strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 $3.50 & $4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN
BOYS' SHOES, $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

The benefits of free hides, which apply principally to sole leather, and the reduced tariff on sole leather, now enables me to give the wearer more value for his money, better and longer wearing $3, $3.50 and $4 shoes than I could give previous to the tariff revision.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that **Dollar for Dollar, I Guarantee My Shoes** to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other $3.00, $3.50 or $4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality has made my shoes **The Leaders of the World.**

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones were so well, and gave you so much comfort.

W. L. Douglas President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE**

If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

SPRING VALLEY LUMBER YARD

Everything in the Building Line.

Phones { Mission 253 / Mission 5268

2401 San Jose Avenue

Proposed Increase in Official Bonds to Be Considered

Sacramento — Suggestions are offered at the State capital for the consideration of Governor-elect Johnson and the legislature regarding the amount of bonds now furnished by State officers, with a view to having several of them increased tenfold. Among those suggested for increase are the secretary of State, superintendent of public instruction and the State printer.

When the codes were adopted many years ago the general bond furnished by State officials was fixed at $10,000 each for the attorney general, State printer, register in land office, secretary of State, superintendent of public instruction and clerk of the supreme court.

It is pointed out that although the receipts in the office of the secretary of State have increased from $25,000 annually to a million dollars annually, the secretary of State is required to furnish a bond no larger than that of the supreme court clerk, who handles not more than $1000 a month.

It is also suggested that while the State controller, who handles no money at all, is required to put up a bond of $50,000, that the State treasurer, who is now handling $10,000,000 annually of State's funds, is required to put up a bond of only $100,000.

The State printer expends about $400,000 for school books yearly and turns the books over to the superintendent of public instruction, yet both officials furnish a bond no higher than that of the attorney general, who handles no money at all.

Bodies in Wrecked Tug Out of Reach of Sea Divers

San Francisco—Four men lost their lives in the waters of the San Francisco bay one day last week when the tug Sea Prince was rammed and sunk off Angel Island by the British tramp steamer Greystoke Castle. The captain of the tug, Lewis L. Langren, was the only member of the little craft's crew who was rescued.

The accident occurred at 6 o'clock and was witnessed by the passengers on the steamers Napa City and Monticello. The tugboat was proceeding slowly down the bay from Port Costa, and a few fathoms behind her was the Greystoke Castle, which she was piloting down the bay to San Francisco. Eye-witnesses of the occurrence are unable to state just how the accident took place, and the captains of the respective vessels are also seemingly at a loss to account for the collision.

What is supposed to be the wreck of the tug has been located off Angel Island, laying in twenty-three fathoms of water.

Owing to the pressure of the water, divers are unable to go below eighteen fathoms. Hence the work to recover the bodies is considered almost hopeless. There is also little hope of salving the tug, which was valued at about $25,000.

It is the expressed belief of men on the waterfront who have had long experience in wrecking that the Sea Prince will never be raised, nor will the bodies of the men who went down with her be recovered.

A Rice Famine in the Flowery Kingdom Coolies Suffer

Portland, Or.—Thousands of Chinese coolies were dying in the Yangtse Kiang river district of the Flowery Kingdom when the British steamship Hazel Dollar, Captain Alwen, arriving in Portland recently, was in the Orient a few weeks ago. Driven to the point of desperation, the poorer classes began burning the warehouses in which were stored great quantities of rice, pilfering what they could in the general excitement that ensued.

The coolies claimed that the mandarins had cornered all the rice in the country, putting the price of the product so high as to make it beyond their purchasing power. Riots broke out all over the district, the authorities being unable to cope with the situation. Among the warehouses partially destroyed are those owned by Butterfield & Swire and Jardine & Matheson, English firms and two of the largest rice dealers in the Far East. The principal scene of the turmoil was about 650 miles up the Yangtse Kiang river.

Value Doubled Ten Fold.

New York—Fifty years ago the New York Society for the Relief of the Crippled bought a little piece of property near the Grand Central station and built a hospital there. After many years of struggling the purchase price of $135,000 was paid. The society has just sold the property for $1,350,000. The money will build a fine new hospital and smooth away the institution's financial difficulties.

Dirigable Flight Over Tehachapi.

Bakersfield.—Captain Van Tassell, the aeronaut, has commenced preparatons for a dirigable flight from this city to Los Angeles. The route is over a wild country, where landing in case of a breakdown will be difficult, and includes the crossing of the Tehachapi, several thousand feet high. Captain Van Tassell plans to take with him possibly three passengers. No date has been set.

Gas Explosion Wrecks Piano.

Brocton, N. Y.—A gas explosion in a cellar here reduced to kindling wood a piano on which two young women were playing a duet in a room overhead. Both miraculously escaped injury. Two young men who were listening to the music were blown into the street. Ten other persons had narrow escapes. The noise of the explosion was heard a mile away.

Japanese Should Take Hint.

Olympia, Wash.—Nate Buggs was given two years in the State reformatory and Harry Smith one year, when they pleaded guilty in the Superior Court to the charge of putting dynamite under a house at Gate in which fourteen Japanese sawmill laborers were sleeping. This makes five boys and young men who have been sent to prison for trying to rid Gate of Japanese laborers.

Money Coming From National Forests.

Washington—Nineteen States will participate in the 25 per cent division of national forest revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, according to a bulletin issued by the forest service. The States' portion, which is for road and school purposes, amounts to $506,194, an increase of $67,192, or slightly more than 15 per cent over the amount distributed last year.

Lied Himself Into Prison.

Sacramento — Had "Harry Raymond," 19 years old, told the truth about his age to Judge Hughes while on trial for burglary, he would today be an inmate of the Preston reform school with chances for a good start in life in time. Instead, because he swore he was 23 years old, "Raymond" was taken to Folsom prison to serve a 13-year sentence.

REVOLUTIONISTS QUELLED BY THE MEXICAN TROOPS

Treason Reported in Army of Diaz and Several Officers Have Been Exected.

Many Unreliable Reports are Sent Out, But Government Thought to Be Gaining Control.

El Paso, Texas—Belief that the Mexican government is rapidly gaining control over the unsettled conditions and uprisings in northern Mexico is fairly well established.

So far as can be learned the insurrectionists are not in actual control of a single important town. Messages of assurance have been received from Parral, Torreon, Gomez Palacio and Chihuahua. Quiet is reported in each of those cities, with the government forces and property owners in full control.

The troops have recovered control of the Madera branch of the Mexico Northwestern railroad, which was attacked and captured by insurrectionists. Nine rurales, three Mexican women and a child were killed in the attack, which was directed against soldiers.

Scores of telegrams have been received from American residents in Mexico, all asserting that the danger was passing.

Francisco I. Madero, who is leading the revolution, completed his plans for the present outbreak October 7. He left San Antonio, Texas, the night of November 18 and crossed the Rio Grande to his own ranch in Mexico, November 20, where he took command of 600 men, well armed.

Immediately upon his arrival in San Antonio he was surrounded by revolutionary leaders until he left the city, although he disclaimed warlike intentions. He came from Mexico disguised as a peon, having forfeited bonds for his appearance on a charge of sedition growing out of a speech delivered at San Luis Potosi May 29, prior to the election in which he was a candidate for the presidency against Diaz.

Madero was met by Juan Sanchez Asona, a former member of the Mexican congress, who also is a brother-in-law of Juan D. Casassus, former ambassador to the United States, and by Enrique Bordez Manguel, an orator for the anti-Diaz party in Mexico.

The arms were smuggled into Mexico largely by fording the river in a remote ranch region. The Madero estate of Coahuilla extends many miles along the Mexican side of the river at the point where the crossing was made.

With the first heat of the excitement over, people are bringing in saner reports of the fighting and all agree that Torreon was never attacked, as at first reported, and the death list was not so heavy at Gomez Palacio, Parral, Jiminez, Madera and other places as stated in the first excitement.

There is absolutely no truth in reports that Chihuahua is being attacked. The wires have been open to that and all the other disturbed places and messages have passed through very freely.

The so-called revolutionists took to the mountains when seasoned troops arrived and nobody here believes the revolution is anything serious. At first they thought so, but since learning that every "revolutionist" ran when the regular seasoned troops came up to retake the towns they had pillaged, they have changed their minds.

Old Rendezvous of Counterfeiters.

Cincinnati, Ohio—In wrecking an old building in this city the contractors found evidence that a stately old mansion, which at one time was the home of Salmon P. Chase, former cabinet officer and former chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had afterward become the rendezvous of counterfeiters. In an unused room of the building, which for years has been used as a lodging house, spurious coins numbering several thousand were found. The coins bore date of 1867 and 1868.

An Expensive Office.

Hartford, Conn.—Charles A. Goodwin, defeated Republican nominee for Governor in the recent Connecticut election, spent $16,940.30 during the campaign, according to his filed statement.

Gompers Re-Elected.

St. Louis—Samuel Gompers has been re-elected president of the American Federation of Labor.

LAST CENSUS PROVES VALUABLE TO THE PACIFIC COAST

The Result of the Population Count Creates Interest in the West.

New York.—Recent statistics from the Pacific coast furnish a strong hint which points impressively to the industrial and agricultural development of that part of the Union west of the Rocky mountains.

William H. Seward, when Secretary of State, bought Alaska from Russia for a little over $7,000,000. That purchase was not made to repay Russia in money for the friendship that empire had shown to the United States at the time of the Civil war, although it was the common impression at the time of the transfer of the property that this was Secretary Seward's sole reason.

Instead, he desired for the United States the whole coast line from Lower California, with which Mexico would not part, to the far north. He always believed that we made a mistake in the treaty with Great Britain by which we abandoned our claim to that part of the Pacific coast which British North America defines.

Seward was certain that the development of California northward to the Canadian line before many years had passed would be comparable to the development of the Atlantic coast.

The recent figures from the census bureau, from the clearing house association really creates new sectional lines, which do not suggest any antagonism or jealousies, but the higher cooperation which is the new spirit of American business and financial activity.

GOVERNOR-ELECT JOHNSON OBJECTS TO GRAND BALL

Declines Any Society Ceremonies at State Officers' Inaugeration.

Sacramento — Governor-elect Hiram Johnson declines any society ceremonies at his inauguration and has written to Mayor M. R. Beard, that no grand ball be held.

The letter ordinarily would mean the cancellation of plans, but Mayor Beard says there will be an inaugural ball.

"The affair is not planned for the governor alone, but is to be Sacramento's reception to the state officials and legislators," says the mayor. "I am in favor of going ahead, but will put the matter before the committee. Mr. Johnson, I think, misunderstands matters. This is not intended to celebrate his inauguration alone. If some people do not want to attend they do not have to."

Appendix Immune in Colorado.

Denver—A bill will be introduced in the next Legislature providing that any surgeon who shall perform an operation for appendicitis and thereafter be unable to prove that the appendix was in a diseased condition, shall be guilty of malpractice and punishable under the penal code. The bill is being fathered by Philip Schuch, Jr., and a number of medical practitioners throughout the State, who hold to the theory that the appendix has a function to perform in the human body and that the operations for its removal are due in many cases only to the surgeon's love of his science and desire for a large fee.

Record Breaking Church Fair.

Petaluma—The recent St. Vincent's fair was a financial as well as a social success. The door receipts were $298 and the booths returned: St. Anthony's, $204; Toyland, $360; Sodality and Grab Bag, $590.45; Catholic Ladies' Aid Society and Refreshment, $875.90; Oriental Tea and Swiss, $1,020.15. The total receipts were $3,348.50, the largest ever made at a local fair.

A Sheep Killing Coyote.

Santa Rosa—"I get a $5 bounty, but that beast cost me $250.00 said Despard Taylor, a well known Bodega farmer in the office of the county clerk when he produced the skin of a huge coyote, said to have been the slayer of at least three hundred sheep and countless chickens. Taylor shot the coyote as it was dragging a lamb from the fold.

Evidence Not Conclusive.

Seattle.—The jury in the case of Bob Celostine, an Indian, on trial for the murder of Mary Chealco, on the Tulalip reservation in August, 1906, reported disagreement and was discharged. The woman was found dead in her cabin, her skull caved in with an ax.

New Fresno-Monterey Railroad.

Fresno.—A delegation of local men will appear before the Fresno Traffic Association at its next meeting to request the moral support of that organization for a proposed railroad between Fresno and Monterey.

A. L. STOCKTON

LUMBER

Redwood and Pine Lumber
Planing Mill in Connection

PAINTS OILS GLASS

WE SELL LIME AND PLASTER
HARDWARE
6130 Mission Street, near County Line

MOULDINGS SASH DOORS

BRACKEN'S HALL

Mission Road and Como Ave.
Wines, Liquurs and Cigars
Headquarters of Vista Grande Republican Club

GOOD MEAT

SUCH AS IS SOLD BY THE

PACIFIC MEAT CO.

First Township

ONLY U. S. GOV'T. INSPECTED MEATS

JIM CASEY

A. BONI & CO.

PLUMBING

Mission Road, Opposite Bracken's

First-Class Work and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PHONE MISSION 4599 BILLY RAVEN, Prop

THE RAVEN

KNOWLES' HALL HILLCREST

TAKE OCEAN VIEW, CEMETERIES OR SAN MATEO CARS

MARKETING by TELEPHONE

YOUR FAITHFUL BELL TELEPHONE, always at your elbow, steadily increases in usefulness. It does a score of errands while a messenger is doing one. You come to acceptt telephone service as a matter of course, like the air you breathe or the water you drink.

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